

the five cent review

a monthly review of the arts in canada
june 1969



ERIC KOCH
The French Kiss.
 "With this novel, we can celebrate at last Canada's entry into the field of the international avant-garde novel. It's a fiendishly clever, funny and technically brilliant tour de force. **THE FRENCH KISS** makes much recent Canadian fiction look gauche by comparison." Peter Buitenhuis, *The Globe and Mail*. \$5.95.

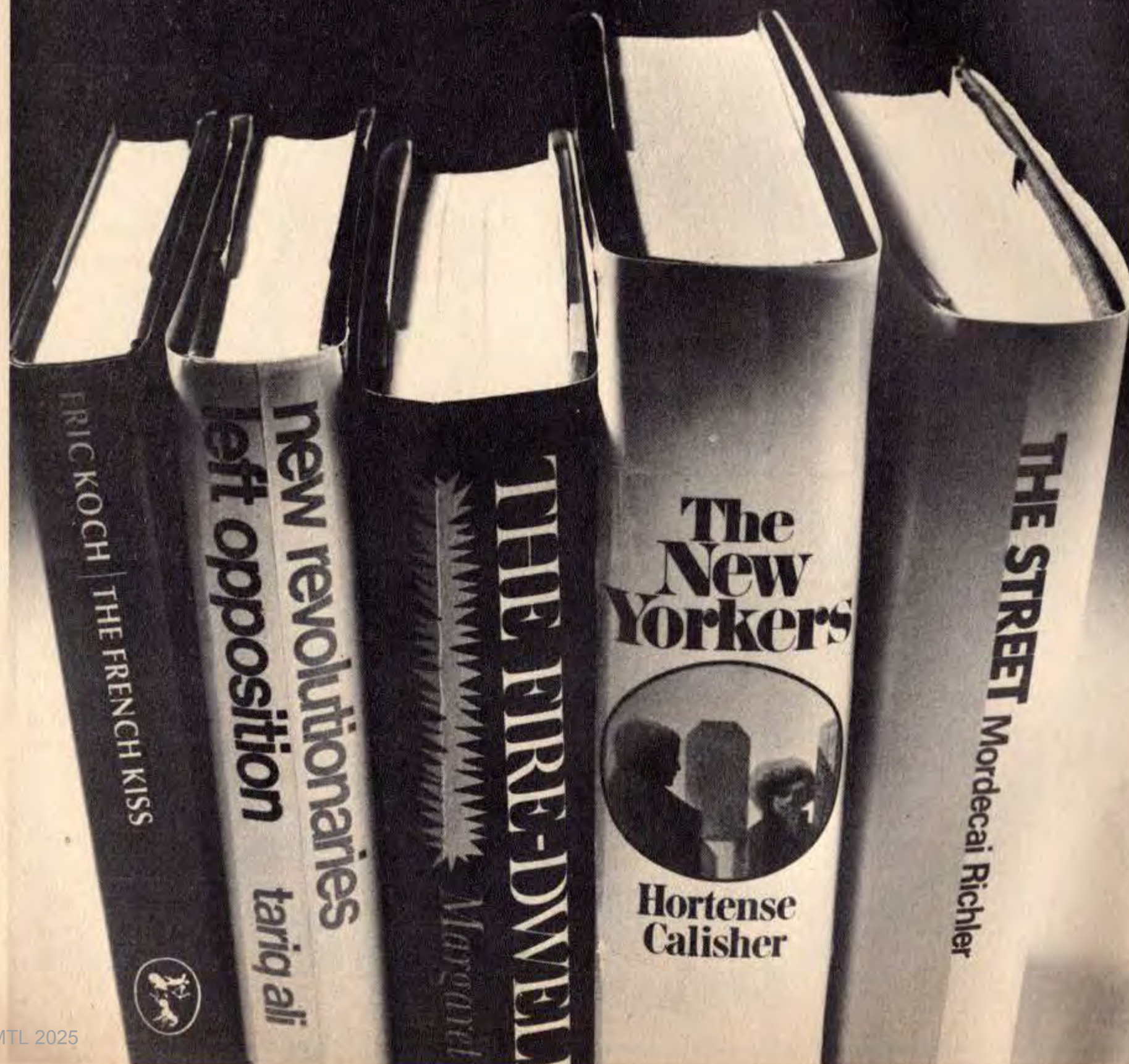
TARIQ ALI
The New Revolutionaries.
 From the Black Ghettoes in the U.S.A. to Castro's Cuba, revolutions have almost become a way of life for many of the world's people. Tariq Ali has edited a brilliant collection of essays by many of the leading activists of the world struggle who state their cases here. It is the first published work to make a complex analysis of the entire revolutionary situation. \$6.95 in cloth, \$3.50 in paper.

MARGARET LAURENCE
The Fire Dwellers.
 "I can't go anywhere as myself. Only as Mac's wife or the kids' mother," says Stacey Cameron. With her husband and four children, her shabby house, and the confused kaleidoscope of her secret fears and desires, she is both every woman and most essentially herself. A superb new novel from Margaret Laurence that may well prove to be her best to date. \$5.95.

HORTENSE CALISHER
The New Yorkers.
 Critics have called this blockbuster of a novel the finest yet written by Hortense Calisher. It is a tale of mothers and daughters, fathers, sons, and lovers—a huge and diverse cast, as real as people across the street and as fascinating as a new world. A Little, Brown (Canada) book. \$9.75.

MORDECAI RICHLER
The Street. Here is Richler at his gamy, full-flavoured best. This lively collection of short stories and essays about his childhood days in Montreal is as overflowing with humour, anecdote, wisdom, and mordant observation as St. Urbain Street was overflowing with life. \$4.95.

New from McClelland & Stewart The Canadian Publishers



the five cent review



vol.1, no.1

june 1969

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Cover by John Honeyman

The *CLASS* of '69 ..

ULYSSES by James Joyce. "A most goddam wonderful book"— Ernest Hemingway (\$1.95).

COMPLETE PELICAN SHAKESPEARE ed. A. Harbage. One magnificent, scholarly, authoritative, beautiful, much-needed volume. (slipcased, \$17.95).

SCIENCE IN HISTORY by J. D. Bernal. A one-man monumental study of science and its effects on man — from the dawn of human history. (4 vols. boxed, \$16.95.)

...from Penguin Books.

I'VE TASTED MY BLOOD

Selected Poems by MILTON ACORN

Edited and with an introduction by Al Purdy

Al Purdy describes Milton Acorn as "a maverick and outsider, a man who speaks out at the wrong time, asks embarrassing questions of human society and will not be satisfied by evasions... a man who in a handful of poems comes somewhere close to greatness." This important new collection contains over 100 poems as well as two early prose pieces. Paperback \$3.50, Cloth \$5.50.

from the

Ryerson

collection of fine Canadian books

The radio revolution is underway: Radio Free Friday

8:03 pm The scene is the world and what it's all about. Music, conversation and controversy. Phone and in-studio interviews. Stimulation — with the accent on the music beat. Composers' and musicians' views on the sound of today. All served up by host Peter Gzowski, assisted by Louise Delisle. With *Gerussi*,

Sunday Supplement, *Concern* for starters. Radio with brains and guts. Brighter minds. That's what the radio revolution is all about.

Gerussi! ☐ **Concern** ☐
As It Happens ☐ **The World
at Eight** ☐ **The World at Six** ☐
☐ **Sunday Supplement.**



five cents' worth of

MOVIES

direction	script	photography	music	5c worth?
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Stolen Kisses

Truffaut's saving grace is his saving grace. This heartfelt comedy reveals Léaud as a mime of minimal movement and maximum nuance.

Dir: Francois Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, Michel Lonsdale



Oliver!

And the Oscar winner is — well, at least one of the year's **better** movies.

Dir: Carol Reed. With Ron Moody, Oliver Reed, Mark Lester



Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime

"I wasted time, and now doth time waste me." Demanding, even exhausting, Resnais puzzle—but repays close scrutiny.

Dir: Alain Resnais. With Claude Rich, Olga Georges-Pigot



If ...

"If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs" (Kipling) — "you may not understand the situation" (anon.)

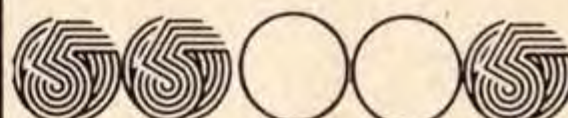
Dir: Lindsay Anderson. With Malcolm McDowell, Christine Noonan, lots of boys



The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie

The prime, also, of magnificent Maggie Smith. And the mean of Mr Neame, an unadventurous but discreet director.

Dir: Ronald Neame. With Maggie Smith, Pamela Franklin, Robert Stephens, Celia Johnson



(The Loves of) Isadora

Getting shorter all the time, because of distributor cuts. Originally, an **intelligently** fragmented film of some subtlety and mordant humour.

Dir: Karel Reisz. With Vanessa Redgrave, Jason Robards, James Fox, Ivan Tchenko



The Brotherhood

Family life, Mafioso-style, makes for an offbeat drama but **molto adagio** and not too persuasive.

Dir: Martin Ritt. With Kirk Douglas, Alex Cord, Luther Adler



Theorem

Pasolini's bleak and mordant allegory on the plight of Christianity deprived of a Christ. Not recommended to anyone in a state of depression.

Dir: Pier Paolo Pasolini. With Terence Stamp, Silvana Mangano, Massimo Girotti.



Lock Up Your Daughters

Aimless canter through Fielding's **Rape Upon Rape**. Nicely set but in most ways badly overdone; some good actors wasted.

Dir: Peter Coe. With Christopher Plummer, Susannah York, Tom Bell, Glynis Johns.



Goodbye Columbus

Or "The Graduate Drops Out." Are movies like this the new anti-semitism?

Dir: Larry Peerce. With Richard Benjamin, Ali MacGraw, Jack Klugman



Sweet Charity

Relentlessly ugly musical, gouged out of Fellini's **Nights of Cabiria**. Shirley MacLaine, who **can** be good, overdoes things painfully.

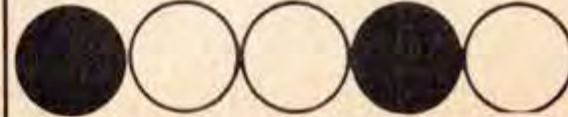
Dir: Bob Fosse. With Shirley MacLaine, John McMartin, Ricardo Montalban, Sammy Davis



Where Eagles Dare

Overstuffed, unfriendly war "romp," frequently exploding — but not with talent. It lacks the style to support a wildly gyrating plot.

Dir: Brian G. Hutton. With Richard Burton, Clint Eastwood, Mary Ure



five cents' worth of

BOOKS

Graeme Gibson

Five Legs

Anansi

194 pp. \$2.50 paper, \$5.00 cloth

This is a meditation with premeditation.

Am I abstract? Very well, I am abstract. Gibson invites it, and I am nothing if not obliging. Though I am all but certain that he rushes about in his anti-Pascalian way experiencing little or nothing, all the time saying "Jesus, this'll make one hell of a story," I am nevertheless supposed to accept the *quia multum amavit* tone and structure of this artefact.

But why must I, at the very least, willingly suspend disbelief? Why must belief be suspended at all, willingly or unwillingly? What sort of faith, aesthetic or otherwise, is that? Surely Ruskin and all the other eminent Victorians began equally bankrupt of an aesthetic sense. Joyce and all the other Edwardian / Georgian Viconians missed the point, I think, about the *verum-factum* crux. All that we know is fiction, yes, but some fictions are less legal than others. Dogma, individual or communal, is illegal, especially when it is substituted for drama. Dropping the open-minded-for-better-or-worse narrator and trying to supply his place, your place, with a stylistics machine is dogma, is illegal.

A finished narrative style is an expression of genius of man and Man, of Viconian heroism, of holy fools and beautiful losers. The readable presentation of the components thereof is mere technique, a sophisticated substitute for a truly "answerable style" for a truly "adventurous song." Gibson, so far as I know (not very; I have never met him), never adventures beyond his own experience, forging "others" left and right; and yet, if only for this reason, because of this "egoistic sublime," we demand (but he doesn't provide) an answerable style. No veil can cover the simple fact of murder, even if it is "creative."

Scott Symons claims that Gibson has captured the whole gut of the heinous Protestant ethic. He did in a sense — but did he know it? Did he really intend to be so thorough? It is, I admit, a document from the middle class intellectual-anti-

intellectual syndrome: the middle class never forgives itself for intruding between gentles and simples; for warping, becoming the communication between them; for talking that chimera "the people" into existence and then eating it alive like its own *deus absconditus*, Chronos. **Five Legs** shows that bourgeois fear of simply telling a story — a fear (a perversion of pride) of making a fool of oneself and all of us for irrationally connecting A and B; a fear alien to the heroism of an Ariosto, Cervantes, or Fielding to which Joyce and even Beckett to a certain extent can only allude. Must we then, when ideologues tell us there is no way to connect A and B, or only one way, decline to read or write anything but babble, "naturalistic" or "symbolistic," or, even worse, condescend to those "long before" or "far beneath" us who had the stupidity and courage simply to tell a story? Must we go on giving exegetical squeezes to these spongy styles which yield what is only apparently plain water?

We are all of us, by nature, liars. That much we have learned. The idealist who reflects on this fact is generally lost; but there are nevertheless ways to falsify consciously and voluntarily while avoiding dogma, the double falsehood. (One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, as Wilde noted, but two touches will wreck any work of art — whether novel or human society.) We are, however, told that **Five Legs** is "plotted across one whole wall of a house in the centre of the city [of Toronto]," reminding us of critics who would reduce **Tom Jones** to a shelf of chronologies, faps, and almanacs and the use that Fielding, *pasticheur par excellence*, made of them. This is the crux. With its stylistics machine instead of a narrator, with its data instead of information, **Five Legs** is — *pace* Frye — archetypally a "professional" writers' and "professional" critics' book; a "novel," an allusion to a novel, a clockwork orange that can be put together and taken apart according to certain conventions ("great thoughts recently, and how they were handled") which have been current just long enough, among just enough people, to be "traditional." **Five Legs** is in fact an ideologue's delight; something to

be attacked, partly, and supported, partly, in the tradition of middle class moderation; it is an allusion to a form, to a story the handling of which is a part of that Great Tradition of moral essays in disguise, in art and life, from Defoe and Richardson, through Eliot and Hardy, to Joyce and beyond.

I am glad, however, that all the Gibsons are finally getting this sort of thing off their minds; dealt with as wrong-way examples, they might in turn help Canada get all this off what one hesitates at the moment to call its mind. Here is Fielding's will which, pardon Gibson, he did not mean to read.

If you think that the foregoing is irrelevant and overlong, read **Five Legs** yourself and ask about its sales figures. It sold out 1,000 copies in just over a week. Perhaps Mr. Ian Watt could study the consumption of light bulbs among the lower orders in relation to this being read. His findings might be enlightening.

PETER SMITH



George Bowering
Rocky Mountain Foot
McClelland and Stewart
127 pp., cloth \$3.95

A genius in part might be a person who thinks of things you should have thought of years ago. Example: it was not until "Sergeant Pepper's" that anyone actually used the entire pop music LP as an art form in itself. Until that time, such records were just collections of songs, not 'books' weaving in and out and around a theme. Modern poetry (my modern, not Oscar Williams' modern) was largely in a like situation until very recently. There were book-length poems, alright, but not poem-length 'books,' all interconnected. But now Canada has George Bowering's **Rocky Mountain Foot**, as far as I know the first published thing of the kind I have just tried to describe (though presumption forces me to admit I have had in progress one that was begun before his).

George is Canada's most prolific every-

thing. He turns out novels, poems, stories, critiques, criticism, journalism, baptism, auto parts, jams and jellies, everything, at a disquieting rate. And much of it is very fine stuff. Too much of it, in fact, for the rest of us to be comfortable in our "oh yeah . . . Bowering" position. The poetry he has published in the time I have been around has really become polished in the manner that John Newlove's has: a process climaxing in a kind of off-hand perfection.

Foot is all about Alberta. The poems are complimented by little prose findings ("Premier William Aberhart said: 'Adult Albertans have the mentality of thirteen-year-olds.'") and can be played a cut at a time or by the disc. There is scenic stuff such as Peter Stevens would do and Indian stuff like Victor Coleman's and even a Lionel Kearns story in verse for those who through the years have come to know and love **Listen, George**. It's a lot of book. Not at all unreminiscent of . . . if Sandburg had been a better poet forty years later in Devon, Alberta . . . Screw, you'll just have to read it.

DOUG FETHERLING



Joe Franklin

Classics of the silent screen; a pictorial treasury

Paper, \$3.75

Parker Tyler

Classics of the foreign film; a pictorial treasury

Paper, \$3.75

Michael Conway; Dion McGregor; Mark Ricci

The films of Greta Garbo

Paper, \$3.75

Michael Conway; Mark Ricci

The films of Marilyn Monroe

Paper, \$3.75

Homer Dickens

The films of Marlene Dietrich

Cloth, \$9.95

Lawrence J. Quirk

The films of Joan Crawford

Cloth, \$9.95

Dona'd Deschner

The films of Spencer Tracy

Cloth, \$11.25

George J. McLeod, Toronto

These four paperback reprints and three new hardbounds from Citadel are of varying quality and interest.

The silent screen treasury boasts superbly chosen stills, notes and complete cast lists for fifty representative American films, and memories of seventy-five stars of the era. The reason for its excellence and enthusiasm is noted (in small type) on page 4: Research Assistant: William K. Everson.

Myra Breckenridge's favourite author,

Parker Tyler offers us notes (no credits, whatsoever) on seventy-three films from 1919 to 1931 in his own inimitable (thank God) convoluted style. Inclusion of British films allows Tyler to foist **The Time Machine** on us as a classic, but by and large his choices are traditional. The stills are not always too well chosen or reproduced.

After these first two general surveys, originally published in 1959 and 1962 respectively, Citadel began its generally commendable "The films of . . ." series. Garbo was the first chosen for this honour, and the format employed in this first volume has become standard. Cast lists and credits (of varying completeness — often character names are not given, a serious omission) are followed by a plot synopsis and snippets of contemporary reviews, and of course several stills. As well, special articles, or better yet, lengthy biographical sketches introduce each volume.

Actually the earlier volumes suffer in comparison with the later ones; more care and accuracy distinguishing the latter. Some errors in the Monroe volume have not even been corrected in reprint (the caption on p. 120 belongs on p. 117, and the still on p. 120 is from **How To Marry A Millionaire**).

Of the three new additions the Crawford is the least interesting — who needs to be reminded of the amount of drek this superstar graced with her presence? For avid fans only.

The Dietrich and Tracy are another matter. Whether everything else written about her early career is all lies or not (as she claims), the Dietrich myth still exerts a great fascination. Dickens has done some really meticulous research, particularly into the films of her pre-**Blue Angel** days, and as well offers important production notes on each film. The result is a first-rate addition to film literature. One slight error noted: the code music in **Dishonored** is not "Danube Waves", but a weird anticipation of "You, and the Night, and the Music", written three years later!

Deschner's tribute to Tracy is the best in the series so far. He's not too rigidly slavish to the standard format (reviews are often dropped), and he introduces an important innovation, reproduction of original film posters where appropriate. No matter that several are for "A M-G-M Masterpiece Reprint" (magic phrase), it's a great addition and one I hope is followed. And for Alice Faye fans there are two delicious stills of her second film.

GLEN HUNTER



James Reeves and Sean Haldane (edd.)

Homage to Trumbull Stickney

Heinemann

Cloth, \$5.95

Though not one of the famous, Stickney was one of the best fin-de-siècle poets. An American Matthew Arnold, Stickney's poetic achievement is astonishing, given that he died at 30 and published only two books of poetry. Included are 71 poems from the 1905 edition plus biographical, bibliographic and critical material — in a very handsome format. A follow-up to the eccentric but fascinating **A New Canon of English Poetry** (Heinemann) by Reeves and Seymour-Smith.



Doug Fetherling (ed.)

Thumbprints

Peter Martin Associates

Paper, \$1.95

A fascinating collection of Canadian hitch-hike poems past and present edited and introduced by Doug Fetherling. Has such contributors as Al Purdy, John Newlove, Margaret Atwood, Fred Cogswell, Bill Bissett, B.P. Nichol, Liz Woods, John Colombo, George Jonas, Ray Souster, Brian Millar, Howard and Marion Engel.



Jean-Noel Samson and Roland M. Charland (edd.),

Dossiers de documentation sur la littérature canadienne-française

1. **Gabrielle Roy**

2. **Félix LeClerc**

3. **Emile Nelligan**

4. **Félix-Antoine Savard**

Fides dossiers, each \$2.00

Malcolm Ross and David Godfrey (edd.),

Canadian Writers

1. Dennis Duffy, **Marshall McLuhan**

2. Milton Wilson, **E. J. Pratt**

3. Clara Thomas, **Margaret Laurence**

4. Ronald Sutherland, **Frederick Philip Grove**

McClelland and Stewart

64 pp., paper, \$.95

In the last few years federal and provincial affairs have kept a surprisingly large percentage of the population glued to its TV sets. It is not really remarkable that four new series of books about Canadian writers are now making their appearance. Those from Copp-Clark and Cole's Forum Press have yet to materialize, but I suspect that all four will look like promotion material for something or other — for Canada perhaps, for Canadian writers in general, or for those writers honoured in these books.

I do not object to the possibility that these books are promoting something. I decidedly hope they are. Critics who are indifferent to someone else's interest in the pile of paper they are investigating are in every sense a bind. Promotion is the

proper function of criticism — a generalization which holds for the best and the worst.

The Fides dossiers are a striking cross between promotion technique and critical apparatus. Each is a folder containing a mass of pamphlets. All are the same size and colour — save for different threads of colour on each — a lack of variety I find disappointing. In all of them photographs are used liberally, sometimes abominably. But apart from these limitations, and the fact that they all terminate in exhaustive bibliographies, they are free in form.

The quality of the dossiers is uneven. The one on Nelligan, an 1890s poet whose work recently enjoyed a revival in Quebec, includes close analysis of three of his poems, a prolonged gaze at everything so far said about his work, a general bibliographic study, some short critical notes, and a reprint of the preface to the first edition of his poems — something of a rarity. It makes the dossier on Gabrielle Roy — who is not, in any case, as good or as interesting a writer as Nelligan — look extremely sloppy and rather coy. Another dossier contains a single, long, solid thesis on the work of Savard, with selections from his intensely nationalistic and humane writings. My favourite is the dossier on LeClerc, novelist, playwright, poet, singer, and radio announcer — a culture hero in Quebec. The print is large; there are plenty of quotations; and the style is popular in a very sane way, like LeClerc's own, without crudity or over-sophistication.

The M&S books are more conventional in format — small white paperbacks, each with the subject's face whirling in a sort of St. Catherine's wheel on the front cover. The one on Pratt is a splendid little investigation which goes through Pratt's poetry and comes up with many, many good quotations, as I believe a book about poetry should do. Wilson's sympathy with Pratt — and he knew him — adds enormously to the book. Wilson's analysis is never muddled by a tendency to identify with the poet, so the study is consistently honest and lucid.

The other scholars seem to suffer from varieties of the same disease: they cannot keep themselves absolutely apart from the people they are writing about or, more important, *vice versa*, for they communicate very little sense of self indeed. This is a common disease, particularly in Canada, where writers and critics (among others) seem to struggle more furiously than elsewhere to integrate and individuate. But I do get sick of critics who get sucked into the vortex of a writer's yawn. In the book on McLuhan, for instance, Duffy fills up an enormous proportion of the space allotted him with cryptic assertions intended to elucidate McLuhan's. A style in any way like McLuhan's is a shortcoming in any case, but is particularly out of place in a

book about McLuhan. It is often impossible to tell whether Duffy is merely paraphrasing McLuhan or passing judgement on him.

Sutherland and Mrs Thomas manage to keep better track of themselves. Sutherland nevertheless wastes immense effort trying to navigate Grove's neurosis (it is often impossible to distinguish between fiction and fact where Grove is concerned) and trying to apologize for them. Why not begin with the thesis that Grove, like so many naturalistic writers, was a *poseur*? And Mrs Thomas is easily side-tracked into a pursuit of the process by which Mrs Laurence claims to write her novels, when she should be studying the structures of the finished works. She refers constantly to a letter the novelist once wrote describing the process in intricate detail. Why did she not print it in full and let it speak for itself?

CHARLES DOUGLAS



Alice Munro

Dance of the Happy Shades

The Ryerson Press

224 pp. Cloth \$6.95

In the province that Jack built, these stories are old-fashioned. As Morley Callaghan says in Hugh Garner's introduction, writing about ordinary people is the hardest. They aren't interesting enough. Most of this book happens in Dullsville, in the Great Depression. I can't say, as Garner does, that I know anybody in this book. Mostly they're out of Robert Weaver's radio series, long on detail and everyday anguish — As The World Turns set to words. Except, as Mrs. Munro would say, for a thing or two.

One is their plots. Which they haven't got, being all talk. Far from being "trained-writer" music-boxes as Garner makes out, they're actually the kind of hippy revelations" he despises. Surprised? The hippy thing has always been smalltown boys and girls, telling it like it was. Dylan's blues, bringing it all back home. But if you're a plot fiend, forget it. These stories have no more climaxes than Lois Lane.

Another thing, they tell you off. You know, say it all. A woman recalls getting disgracefully drunk as a teenager over a man she later meets after marriage. At his seeming to be affected by this, she gives him "a gentle uncomprehending look" in return. She says, "I am a grown-up woman now; let him unbury his own catastrophes." A dying girl gives one of her birthday-presents to another; but the noise of boys throwing snowballs outside spoils the act forever. The scissors-man arrives in town, chanting; and a little girl who sat unmoved through the funeral of her brothers begins to scream.

Haiku does that. Opera does, at times. The characters don't seem very contemporary, or very real — what ghost ever did?

PETER SMITH

DAPHNE MARLATT

leaf leaf/s

Black Sparrow Press, Los Angeles

FRAMES of a story

Ryerson Press, Toronto

Cloth, \$3.95

While Leonard Cohen has been hot-footing it around the world, finding newer, more clear and facile rhymes to lay his lyrics on, in search of deeper more depressing lonelinesses, Daphne Marlatt (née Buckle) has for the last, at least, five years been sharpening her axe — the word — and proves no dullard in her first two books.

FRAMES re-tells the Snow Queen story of Hans Anderson; abruptly at first, in prose, to clear her/our head of the narrative; because the story is after all serial events, and best to lay our own terms into it as we know best. and she does:

Gerda 'n Kay actinic
names that shatter
walls

step into light they leave
this closet to be
open include night
to make out of a lamp
of their names a dark
space

The dark space of our lives' histories? Or what moves unknown in mite before us (after us). But the story does cohere, and in the kind of clean, tight language too few feel the need to pursue, because it is misunderstood to be craft not speech. Not *her* iambic heart.

When we first started to write free verse, the freedom was not only lack of rhyme and rhythm's strictures — it was the discovery of ears beyond the steady heart-beat/footsteps of our lives — the changes in our lives are no longer romantic, they're frightening — they had always been, but only a few who saw could put it down to record.

There were various manifestations, art and politics hold most; but too few take poetry seriously, smiling; and the ones who have so far, the perpetrators of what passes, will look upon Daphne Marlatt and see the inconceivable, unconsolable grief of their own misunderstandings.

Free verse was a series of phrases laid as lines, or paragraph concepts, words juggled neatly on the printed page. The irregular occurrences of our lives broke through, into many things, into this verse, from **leaf leaf/s**:

... can
shift blood rhythm in
my hips
descent is
all one way

The desperation of a liberal imagination
can only concuss with these lines. Men do

not believe their ears; only definitions.

you faced me
downward where I met
you coming up, a wraith a
cold wrath, you
consumed
my sex hot
to take you
in, phoenix,
fixed to the tree you
burn, baby, kyrie e
/liaison

So it is to celebrate a new voice I write,
one that does true service to the word.
The gist of both these books is what you
carry off from them, undefined in your
own speech. Paraphrase goes down with
palaver. The words touch image, and bring
it to life. And loss is dealt with in kind; the
poem,
and who wrote it, grow

VICTOR COLEMAN



Eric Koch,
The French Kiss
McClelland and Stewart
223 pp., \$5.95

In the year 1977 Jo-Jo, a former Quebec
advisor to General de Gaulle, is attempting
to understand and explain his role in the

Quebec-France relationship of the 1960s,
specifically the famous "**Vive Québec
libre**" episode of 1967. He discovers he is
the reincarnation of Plon Plon, brother and
Italian-affairs advisor to Napoleon III, and
thus is able to subject each event and
character of the modern political drama
to the "Plon Plon test," a "touchstone-of-
history technique" that parallels Quebec
and Italy, de Gaulle and Napoleon III,
Jean-Luc O'Hara (Prime Minister of Que-
bec) and Cavour-Mazzini.

Because the Second Empire is very rich
in personal scandal and absurd political
manoeuvre, the modern parallels, con-
structed to correspond exactly, are often
very amusing. For instance, Plon Plon
contracted a forced marriage of conven-
ience with Clotilde, daughter of King
Victor Emmanuel of Italy, whose most
singularly striking characteristic was her
extreme religious piety. Jo-Jo is forced by
de Gaulle to marry Claudine, the daughter
of O'Hara, whose religious ecstasy takes
the form of a continuous drug-induced
'high.'

Literal parallelisms, however, often pro-
ve something of a burden on the structure
of the novel, resulting in many repetitions
of Bonapartist incidents and rather card-
board characters for the modern episodes
(with the exception of de Gaulle).

Physically the book is attractive and
quite imaginative, the Second Empire ep-
isodes being set in an 'old face' type,

while the Gaullist sections are in modern
'sans serif.' The drawings, by Vlasta van
Kampen, are delightful.

The French Kiss is ultimately well worth
reading; often fun, decidedly different
from most Canadian novels, and perhaps
more perceptive than one would think at
first glance.

RICH LANDON



Phyllis Gottlieb

Why Should I Have All the Grief?

Macmillan of Canada

149 pp, cloth, \$4.95

I may be getting too sensitive to read this
kind of novel. It isn't the plot or the char-
acters or anything like that. It's more the
grim labour that went into writing it. Or so
it seems. Nothing comes easy in **Why
Should I Have All the Grief?** All the way
through you find your mind wandering. You
sense the author scratching out, rewriting,
coming up with, say, this: "Why feel guilt-
y? It was he who had been wronged. **I
have suffered; suffering is punishment;
therefore, because I have been punished,
I must have been judged guilty of some-
thing.**" It was a flawed syllogism of the hu-
man spirit." You think of something else
altogether, and then force your eyeballs
back to the printed page.

I'm not saying it's no good. It just starts

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

STRUMPET CITY - a novel by James Plunkett

The finest novel to appear since **How Green Was My Valley**;
some think it is a better book and will live longer. Strumpet
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NELSON, FOSTER AND SCOTT

you worrying. If you're a writer you think back and wonder if you ever used an expression like "flawed syllogism of the human spirit." It nags you for awhile. You think of that old movie — William Powell or someone like that, a writer who beats his head against the wall until Rosalind Russell (?), his wife, says, "Write About What You Know" and out comes one wild success after another. It makes you think of manuscripts that start from what seems like a great idea, a true idea, an idea that has guts and feeling, that should write itself — and ends in some bleary days and nights banging out pages of florid prose, then whoops, the whole mess into the wastebasket. What catharsis.

I still want to make this clear — **really there's nothing wrong with this novel.** The writing is okay, the plot is in the classic line, there is a great deal of sentiment expressed with dignity and restraint, there is more redeeming social value even than is needed, since there is no pornography. The problem is with me. I think it was a waste of Phyllis Gotlieb's time, and I think the only possible reason for reading it through — once you know about it — is to get a view of the creative process on forced labour.

Why Should I Have All the Grief? tells how Heinz Dorfman, a Jewish immigrant to Toronto, finally becomes reconciled with a traumatic memory dating back to the Nazi occupation. The action takes place in Toronto and a little town near Galt, and there are a few flashbacks to wartime Poland. There are a great number of Yiddish and Hebrew phrases, all sorts of symbolism, hints at the generation conflict, sympathetic, funny old Jewish characters, the works. If you do decide to read it, skip the publisher's blurb, which gives away the one secret jealously guarded by the author until near the end of the book.

Just giving that bare outline of the story is drag enough — think what it must have been for the writer, sweating out all those 149 pages. I didn't believe a word of it. There is no invention, no joy, nothing except the writer's labour. Properly understood it could save a lot of time for a lot of writers — and fill up a great number of waste-baskets.

GERALD TAAFFE



Mordecai Richler
The Street
McLelland and Stewart
128 pp. cloth, \$4.95

I remember coming across a review of a new satirical novel in a London newspaper in which the reviewer wrote that although the author was pretty good he was no Terry Southern or Mordecai Richler; and I wondered, what Canadian reviewer would dare to so casually use Richler as a literary touchstone, classing him with one of those high-priced New York writers. (And

what ever happened to Terry Southern.) It's bad enough that we don't acknowledge our artists till they've made it abroad or below the border, we still take Richler for granted even after he's been acclaimed elsewhere.

So... though it's been said before perhaps it's necessary to say it in a Canadian publication. Mordecai Richler is an important writer. Not an important Canadian writer, but an important writer. Period. **The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz** is a better book than **I Can Get It for You Wholesale** or **What Makes Sammy Run?** and **Cocksure** is better and funnier than either **Myra Breckinridge** or **The Ecstasy Business**. (Not that Richler's books are even similar to the others — those are just the ones they're most often compared to.) Meanwhile he's never even won a Stephen Leacock award, but. (Nevermind the Governor General's award, they're just trying to prove that Mr. Hersh is wrong when he says, "The government is full of anti-semites.")

OK, so Richler is a major writer, does that make this slim collection of pieces a major work? Not really, but if **The Street** won't enhance Richler's reputation it won't blot it either. The street of the title is Montreal's St. Urbain Street during the 40's: the stomping ground of Duddy Kravitz, Hershy, Pinky's Squealer, Mr. Tansky and others of the generation which populated the short-lived ghetto that proved to be only a stopping off place between the ghettos of Europe and those of Snowdon, Outremont and even Westmount. The same characters (many from **Duddy Kravitz** and **Son of a Smaller Hero**) turn up in both the stories and the memoirs making it difficult to tell just which of the ten pieces are fictional and which are autobiographical. Perhaps it's only a matter of degree. This gives the book a cohesion despite the fact that most of the pieces originally appeared elsewhere and each is complete in itself. In fact, with more judicious editing some of the repetition might have been avoided.

If you've never read Richler's novels about **The Street** then this is a good introduction. If you've read them and liked them, then you'll like **The Street**. If you haven't liked them, you won't like it. The strange thing is that the only people who really dislike Richler's books are **lands-leidt**. Its not so much that they don't like the books as they worry about what the gentiles might think. (I remember, when **Duddy Kravitz** was turned into a tv play by the CBC, a relative of mine complaining that it didn't matter that he knew of similar people and incidents, they shouldn't have shown it to the **goyim**.) If you really think that Mordecai Richler is anti-semitic read **Cocksure** and see how effective Richler can be when he does savagely satirize people. This is not the way he treats the people of **The Street**. They are not caricatures; if they seem larger than life it is because that is the way Richler sees them

and the way they were except for those who can't see where they're at or where they were. These are Richler's people and he treats them with love and compassion. When he writes of them on their summer vacation, "these outlandish, cigar-chomping men, burdened with watermelons and Kik bottles, salamis and baskets of peaches, yelling at their children, whacking their wives behinds and — worst of all — waving merrily at the sombre Scots who sat petrified on their balconies," there is no doubt about whose side he's on. I mean some of my best friends are Scots but...

IZZY GLUTMAN



D. A. Schmeiser
Civil Liberties in Canada
Oxford University Press
302 pp. cloth, \$7.50

It is difficult to know what civil liberties are. I am tempted to think of them as the goo that cements the crevices between actual societal arrangements and that society's ideal self-conceptualization. On this reading, their implementation acts as a kind of **placebo**, the tribute vice pays to virtue. They are also a way of knowing that the show's still on the road, that although the game has long since become a pain in the ass, at least all the players are still in there. Such knowledge is a comfort.

The more highly-developed a society becomes, the more its Inequities irritate. This irritation surfaces in the form of liberal Supreme Court decisions, across-the-board school desegregation, Fannie Lou Hamer on the social pages of the **New York Times**. In Canada, fiery ex-labour leaders sit in Cabinet and are seen opening tulip festivals, while roving companies of Young Canadians scour the countryside in search of injustice and Indians. Much of this activity is harmless. No-one seems to mind.

It is possible to argue that civil liberties are taken more seriously in the United States than in Canada. In the U.S. they are known as civil rights and since 1954 they have been dispensed generously. One result has been to create tremendous turmoil since they are now seen to be largely irrelevant to that country's crisis. The problem is to know what to do next.

Is the current concern over civil rights genuine or merely fashionable? Recently, the Ontario Human Rights Commission was so set on prosecuting a Toronto landlord for alleged racial discrimination that only a timely decision by Mr. Justice Stewart drew attention to the fact that Ontario's machinery for defending civil rights is in itself thoroughly illegal, unconstitutional and dangerous.

Professor Schmeiser's collation, first put together in 1964, is a learned and jud-

icious survey of the field of civil rights in Canada. Much of the shrill tone that one encounters in commentators on these matters is missing: the author is concerned only with what has happened in the past, is now happening and what conclusions may be drawn from a legal, constitutional and historical point of view.

Here Professor Schmeiser is on the side of optimists: Canada has benefited from "the two great races" that inhabit it, the English contributing their wellknown belief in government under the rule of law, and the French their "passion for individual liberty." (Why the Quebec Padlock Law was declared unconstitutional only as late as 1957 shows that even the greatest of races sometimes nod.) Further, asserts Professor Schmeiser, Canada is fortunate in having as a contiguous neighbour the United States, a country with "similar ideals of freedom and liberty." (His book began as a doctoral thesis at the University of Michigan.)

Improvements in Canada's overall performance in civil rights, according to the author, should include amendments to the Canadian Bill of Rights, repeal of the Lord's Day Act, State aid to separate schools and Fair Employment statutes enacted by all provincial legislatures. Since 1964, some of these have been put into effect. But since 1964, much has happened to remove the emphasis from civil rights as a mechanism for the better-ordering of the state to a preoccupation with civil freedoms. The concern is no longer with shoring up untenable situations. It is with the search for new ways of becoming. Thus it is not Professor Schmeiser who is out of date. It is civil rights.

PATRICK MacFADDEN

David Finn
The Corporate Oligarch
Simon and Schuster
320 pp. cloth, \$8.50

David Finn's book is supposed to be "an unorthodox study of the small group of men who head America's largest business enterprises." Unfortunately, he skips present-day personalities in the managerial elite, and concentrates on a general thesis which portrays them as a class torn between the need to maximize corporate profit and the desire to perform community service.

He admits that the new corporate oligarchs retain much of that old-fashioned sense of business values. (He quotes a spokesman for the U.S. National Association of Manufacturers as saying: "profit should rank right alongside such hallowed concepts as home and mother and the American flag.") But today, says Finn, it is "clear that power, not profits is the first motivation of the corporate oligarch." Yet there is an awful lot of liberalism, the book suggests, creeping around the executive

offices of billion-dollar American corporations and conglomerates. The new oligarch wants to use this power to create social progress; i.e. growth and expansion. In fact, concludes Mr. Finn, "the impulse to perform a public service can [...] become the central force behind American Corporate power."

There's something about Mr. Finn's thesis which smacks of the corporatism made popular by some Italian and German theoreticians in the twenties and thirties. Achieving a nation's "manifest destiny" could, of course, be described as a public service.

NICK AUF DER MAUR

Bernard Malamud
Pictures of Fidelman
Doubleday Canada Ltd.
208 pp. cloth, \$7.25

Pictures of Fidelman is a collection of six short stories bound together by a picaresque character named Arthur Fidelman. Hungering for esthetic and sexual foods, Fidelman, the American version of the wandering Jew, goes to Italy seeking to appease his appetite only to find more famine. Variouslly disguised as scholar, writer, thief, painter, peddler, and pimp, Fidelman's soul grows pitifully skinny.

Fidelman is a miserable artist. At painting he is inadequate and impotent. Cherishing illusions of being a great artist, he grows old and pathetic, becoming for a time a successful con-artist. Fidelman's only real ambition had been to imitate, to mimic. He is incapable of creating.

At living, Fidelman is likewise a miserable failure. Surrounded by amorphous and dubious characters who take advantage of him, it becomes painfully obvious that Fidelman is capable only of being the victim. Fidelman's only real accomplishment, if you can call it one, is that he learns to give up his artistic ambitions and instead concentrates on gratifying his sensuality. But consistent with his character, his love (like his art) is masturbation rather than intercourse.

Pictures of Fidelman is the story of guilt, downfall, and the acceptance of this. Herein lie both the novel's strength and weakness. Strength, because as in true Malamudian fashion, the delicate descriptions of inadequacy and frustration pop forth like well-polished gems. Weakness, because although exquisitely written, it is still the pathetic story of a self-indulgent little man. Fidelman is passive. Life attacks him and, with no great battle, he succumbs. One feels much more pity than compassion. He makes no impression.

Like Fidelman, the work fails too because of this passivity. It is charmingly humorous but impotent. It is a between novels novel for a usually virile Bernard Malamud.

JOSEPH GLAZNER

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TELEVISION

"Dum dum di dum dum di dum di dum di dum. . ." The mist clears and the camera pulls back to reveal a cowed figure. Chromo-keyed in the background is a mammoth cross, bejewelled with blinking psychedelia.

The funeral march fades away and the camera comes in for a close-up of the cowed head, features indistinguishable. Suddenly, the cowl is pulled back to reveal none other than Bennet Cerf.

"As always, tonight's (ahem) home (ha, ha,) team has been selected by the corner's office, at random. . ." (laughter from the audience) Bennet grins straight into the lens.

We all turn to each other and say, "A winner!"

The lights come up. The band strikes up "La Danse Macabre," Bennet is whirling about like a dervish dancer; the audience breaks out in wild applause and cheers. Over this, is supered, in Gothic letters, **THE NEWLYDEAD GAME.**

Chuck Barris, master of the seven ages of man, has done it again.

After the William Talman "warning of the dangers of smoking and lung cancer" spot we rejoin the show.

On the stage are three marble slabs, festooned with brightly coloured flowers; on the slabs three corpses, two caucasian and, of course, one black. Directly behind the slabs (stage left and right) are two risers.

"And now, let's meet our challengers. Team number one, a model, Miss Marcia Salt and her partner, Heinz Drache (applause, applause). Team number two, retired bus driver, Russel Ryers and his partner, Dr. Waldo Bluestein. To-nite you are competing for this beautiful custom designed crypt, built for you anywhere in the free world. . ."

They cut away to a grassy somewhere in the Aegean. White and shiny stands a moderately large pyramid-like structure. Overhead soar small birds and butterflies. A flame burns in the foreground. An old couple smile at the camera. . .

"Oo,ah," (applause).

"This then is what you're competing for, a final resting place fit for a king. . . Doc-

tors are the shrouds in place?"

"Jawohl!"

"Yes!"

"Very well, as you know, hidden somewhere in body number two is the red chip; the all important clue to its whereabouts is hidden somewhere in the organs and limbs of your respective corpses, number one and three. Also, there are various other blue chips in your (ahem) silent partners — these may be redeemed at the end of the game for cash or merchandise. One warning, hidden somewhere is the black penalty chip. On finding it you must repair, unaided by your doctor partner, to the satisfaction of our staff surgeon the area in which it was found. When the bell knells you will begin dissecting your respective cadavers — remember, no random (heh, heh) hacking or needless butchery. You may confer with your doctors via these head sets, of course, because of the shrouds they can be of no visual or physical aid to you. Doctors. . . players?"

—Ding Dong. . .

Grabbing their scalpels, drills and bone saws Marcia and Russ start in like pros; talking into their headsets all the while.

"Mein dumkopf, a firm und gentle split down ze middle of de chest will lay open ze rib cage exposing all ze vital bodily organs for quick scrutiny. . . Fraulein Saltz!"

"Oh too bad Marcia, may I call you Marcia? I'm afraid that the liver will have to be sewn back." Holding the black chip, Marcia Salt quickly sews the liver back next to the lung.

Marcia is still slicing away at the pancreas when Russ lets out a cry of victory. Covered in blood and entrails he pulls a silver cylinder from the duodendum.

"Time," says Bennet, "for a word from our sponsor, The American Cancer Soci-

ety. . ."

When we come back, Marcia, in tears, is being consoled by a now fatherly Dr. Drache.

"Well Marcia, although you didn't win, you did find a blue chip in the esophagus. This may be redeemed for a gold bound, hand illuminated copy of "Naked Lunch." Thanks for being such a good sport. Russel, if you will open the cylinder and read aloud the all important clue. . ."

As Russ reads the clue in the form of a poem the camera pans up the right leg of corpse number two to the head and down the left. On the left foot are only two toes.

"And now for you folks at home Russel will read the poem aloud. . ."

"The maiden name is half the clue,

But take notice of the shoe."

"Russ you have one minute. . ."

Ding Dong

A hush falls over the studio audience as Russ scratches his head and slowly begins removing the club foot. . .

Ding Dong

"Sorry Russ, times up. No idea? Our house surgeon, Dr. Muhamed Radcliffe, will now reveal the location of the red chip."

Dr. Radcliffe walks to the corpse. He pauses, and deftly removes the left patella — there, attached to the cartilage is the red chip.

"I'm sorry Russ, but as consolation prize you may choose any one of the fifty thousand items in the Speigal Catalogue: Speigal of Chicago, largest mail-order house in the world.

That's all the time we have for to-nite's show. Remember the Saturday Newlydead Game when some lucky widower will be selected by our studio widow — in the offing: an all expense two week funeral anywhere in the free world for their respective departed ones, and besides that, who knows what else?

"Good nite and God bless and keep you all. . ."

ZAL YANOVSKY

Mr. Yanovsky is at present recovering from a near fatal reputed motorcycle accident which has left him a helpless cripple. Any cards or letters would certainly be appreciated.



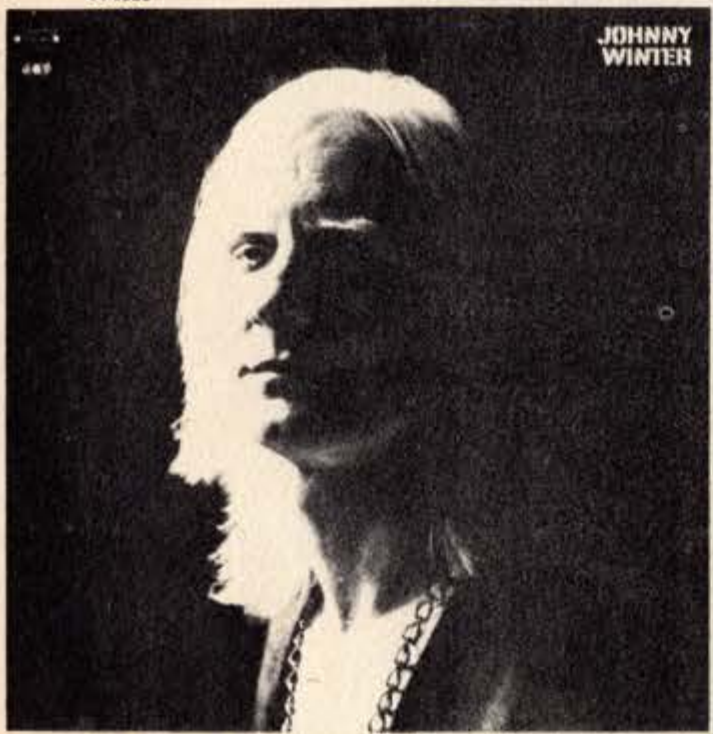
COLUMBIA PRESENTS JOHNNY WINTER. A WHITE FLAME, IGNITED BY BLACK BLUES.

The hottest item outside of Janis Joplin, though, still remains in Texas, if you can imagine a hundred-and-thirty-pound cross-eyed albino with long fleecy hair playing some of the gutsiest fluid blues guitar you have ever heard; then enter Johnny Winter. At 16, Bloomfield called him the best white blues guitarist he had ever heard. Now 23, Winter has been out and around for some time. Rolling Stone (Dec.'68)

The hottest recording discovery in the land these days is a tall, skinny, cross-eyed albino blues guitarist with limp, shoulder-length cotton white hair. Johnny Winter is the swiftest funkier new white blues singer to come out of the South in years. Time magazine

Johnny Winter is one of the best blues guitarists. He is a fountain of vintage blues. His moves are fast and his playing staccato and harsh. He captures the agony of the blues. Mr. Winter is a charismatic performer. The New York Times

CS 9826



JOHNNY
WINTER

COLUMBIA RECORDS

five cents' worth of OFF-FESTIVAL STRATFORD

To the casual observer, it might appear that the U.S. is alive and well in Stratford. Local business aims to please a vast number of fat, cigar-smoking, camera-slung Yanks. However, under the hustling facade there lurks a little honesty. For those with the time on their hands after making the pilgrimage to the shrine down by the river, things are happening that deserve a second glance.

After-theatre entertainment (other than the local pubs) is best found at the Black Swan Coffee House. Beware of imitations! The man who greets you at the door in

black-and-white striped pants, orange and red paisley shirt and pipe-croche dangling from the corner of his mouth is Harry Finlay, the owner. Or you may see him some evening bounding around near the theatre offering peaceful greetings and handbills to friends and tourists. Harry has managed to make the Swan a comfy kaleidoscope where people replace the bits of coloured plastic.

Days at the Swan start around one p.m. when some of the staff come straggling in to prepare the evening meal. They're mostly vacationing students or girls from

the theatre who work part-time as waitresses. Supper is served at six and is open to the general public. For a slight fee, guests are treated to a simple but substantial meal and the company of interesting if unpredictable table mates. Ask the actress on your right to pass the salad, the insurance salesman from Ohio on your left for the meat and the guitarist across the table for the salt.

Evening performances start at 10:30 and run from living theatre to folk-singing. Rumour has it that Harry has booked a new group called the Marshmallow Cesspool for occasional gigs this summer. The group members have been alternately described as non-political activists and neo-anarchists. In past years people like Cedric Smith, Chuck Mitchell and the Misty Wizards have played there, as well as the New Vic Repertory Company and the Hanging On revue.

Sandwiches, cheese plates, espresso and cold drinks are served at night. Two items on the menu stand out — Jolly Green Giants and Fuzzy Purple Things. Their recipe was given to Harry years ago by an insane prof at the Stratford Teachers' College, and has become a guarded secret. The obscene belching that may be heard emanating from the kitchen is not



one of the staff, but Stratford's only espresso machine in action.

The club closes officially around three in the morning, but lots of times people stay and jam till daylight. The Black Swan doesn't look much different from other coffee houses — lots of tables and chairs, rather dark, a bit larger than usual maybe — it's just the unhurried informality that distinguishes it from the Yorkvillish norm.

Local eateries range from a crop of exorbitantly costly mediocre-quality places to Ellam's on Ontario Street which is open 24 hours a day. Most Stratford restaurants raise their prices high when the theatre season starts.

Possibly the best reason for visiting the Why Not shop, apart from the usual stock of posters, incense, etc., is to rap with proprietor Michael Butler. Mike says funny things. Try asking him about those little red pills on the shelf. His reaction will probably be somewhere between a crude Estonian folk-saying (MINE KUU PEALE) and a punch in the mouth. Buy something too. The Why Not is directly across Downie Street from the Avon Theatre and can be recognized by the large papier-mache Snoopy mounting guard on the entrance.

Tom's Variety on Downie St near the Why Not is one of those completely disorganized junk shops that are fun to grope around in. Hours can be spent sifting through antiques, semi-antiques, or the dozens of crummy china statues "made in occupied Japan."

The Between Shop on George St. is great to browse in too. Antiques and Eastern imports are its stock and Mike Burns its manager.

There's only one good bookstore in town. It's the Fanfare, on the corner of Ontario and Waterloo, fairly large, with a comprehensive stock of books on theatre and a large amount of "Canadiana."

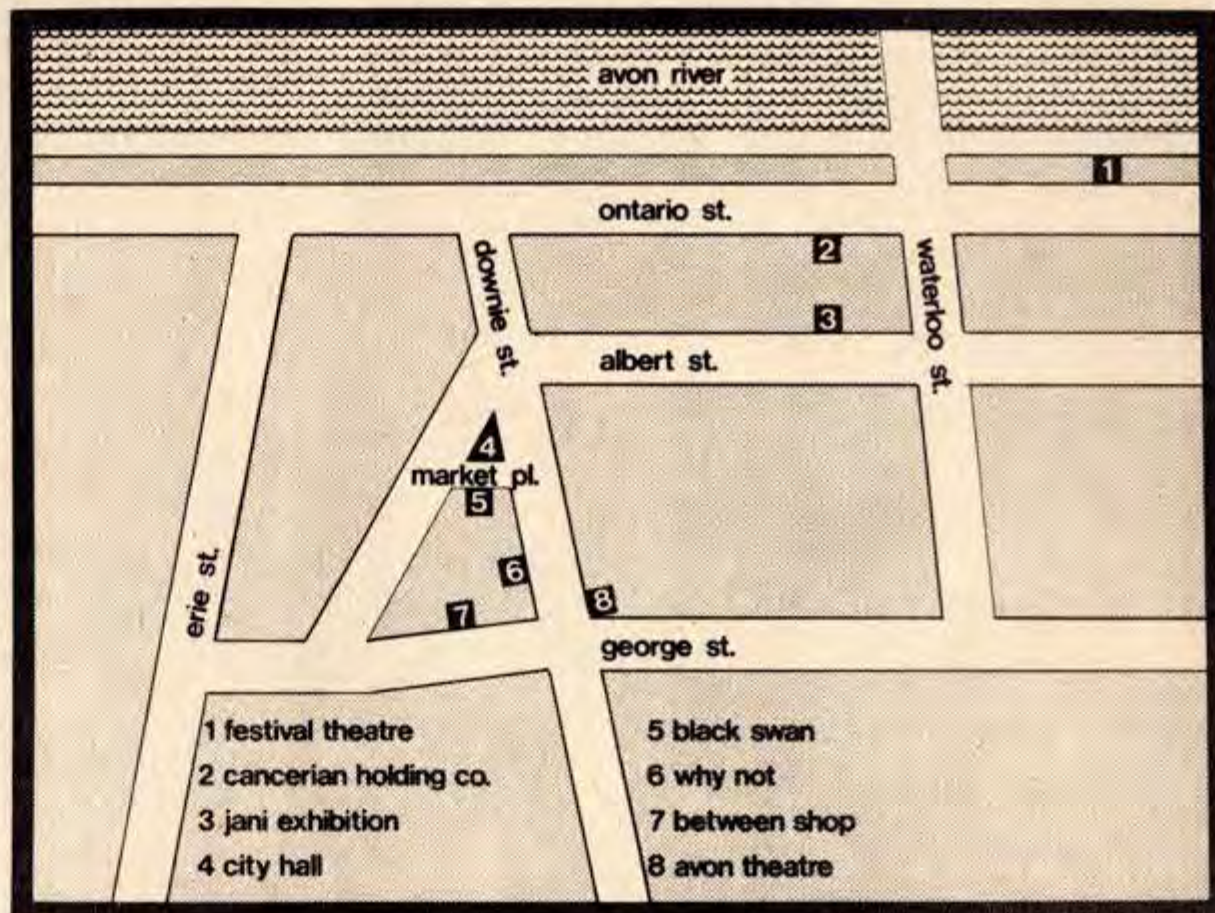
The pub in the Avon Theatre is the nicest place to drink. It's also frequented by a lot of actors and the theatre people.

It will be hot, so a drive out Erie Street to the quarry at St. Mary's would be pleasant. You won't get your picture in the papers, but you can swim in the same water and sit on the same raft as Pierre Elliot did last summer. Maybe a green leather coat?

Stratford cops are generally amiable, but not so the gay young blades from the local R.C.M.P. detachment. Be cool! Townspeople are friendly. The only hassles that occur are when drunken gazoonies (pool-room-type punks) decide to beat the hell out of some of them goddam theatre queers — that's thee-atre. Thankfully these confrontations aren't frequent or serious.

A late-night stroll by the river with some climbing on the large sculptures outside the Rothman's Art Gallery makes a peaceful ending for what should have been a fun day.

CHRIS BRETT-PERRING



THE CENTRE-SPREAD



Town planner to the global village, Buckminster Fuller designed the dome of the U.S. pavilion and has proposed a floating dome suburb for Toronto's lakeshore. Here is some of what he said on a recent visit to London, Ontario, as recorded by London artist Greg Curnoe:

I really have a very powerful pattern sense about what is going to be happening here in Canada. As you may know, I recently did a plan for Toronto on which I had six months to work. We made very thorough studies on it. You don't study anybody today in terms of their isolation. You study them in terms of the world, and what's happening to the world and what part they're going to play in it. I've had that kind of opportunity many times.

◆ Something I've learned in big pattern study: as we are continually increasing the amounts of universe that we bring into our everyday life, getting information from larger and larger areas, and extending longevity very much so that we're beginning to increase the number of our forward days, I think that there is some law operating in nature which says that we are opening up the past in equal degrees as we are opening up the future. Just since I've been alive, our knowledge of how long human beings have been aboard our planet has grown from fifty thousand to two million years. As more life is available, there is more time to seek out and invest in the archaeologist. So, travelling as I do, I see the young world going out as archaeologists all around the world and in increasing numbers. I've come to places like Mesopotamia — and I didn't know it

until I got there — I came to Babylon, and Babylon is being reconstructed, one of the most fascinating places in all our history being faithfully reconstructed.

Yesterday everybody thought they were really fixed, they would never go there, though there was one rare man in their community who might be able to get to this place and bring back things from it, and put them in a museum so you would be aware of the rest of the world. What is happening now is that we're really getting to be World Man, and eventually we will all be travelling around the world. I think we will take out of all our museums everything we have there, and bring them back to the places they originally came from and really reconstruct those places. And then we'll have the young world being able to go to those places and be able to live there. You'll go to Babylon as people lived in Babylon and really experience how it was. You could go and do that for three weeks of your life, you could go and live in Elizabethan life, or as a monk or whatever. I think young people are not only going to live geographically, but they're going to live up and down the times.

◆ In terms of acceleration, the aging rate comes closer and closer nowadays, so that in just a decade we go through what man used to take a century to go through. There are just decades of our architecture that because they are so recent we tend to disdain. A hundred years from today I think the young world is going to be very, very put out if we are so careless about not keeping our most recent things, if we only have perspective on ancient things. There will be people from other parts of the world who will like very much to know exactly how we opened

up this strange great continent at this moment in history. So I'd counsel you to take two or three looks every time at redevelopment if it's simply a question of "We just want some fresh real estate there, knock everything down." I think you ought not to do that carelessly.

◆ We have a census in the United States every ten years. Three censuses ago it was discovered that the average American family leaves town every five years. In the last census we found that the average American family is leaving town every four years — so it's contracted a whole year in twenty years. But society's still not thinking that way; we're still planning on the basis that people are going to stay put. Houses are so inefficiently designed that it takes thirty or forty years to pay for them. Yet people are going to stay in them only four years — it's a very unrealistic way of looking at things.

◆ Someone asked me, "What's going to be happening in London, Ontario ten years from today?" It may be a museum.

◆ Looking at any place in the world today, whether it's Tokyo or Canada, certain things I have found are common, in the way of what's going on in the world. Just to give you a very big one of this order: historically in his migration around the world, man has gone east and west with the trade winds, east and west with his ships within the powerful zones of the sea. The Arctic was something he just couldn't get into — Iceland was as far as he went — and in the Antarctic he couldn't get any farther. So the mercator map was a very good map as a stretch-out; it didn't have to show any Arctic or Antarctic. Good harbours became very important; and so we have the North American continent with its great sea ports. And those places came to be such important points of transfer in humanity that now they have all kinds of cultural concentration there. There was a river traffic and a coast traffic in America somewhat north and south in the early days of colonization, but the railroad came and made it east-west, and very powerfully so. That became so well organized as a service for humanity, there was so much custom, that going to Europe you go through New York. And now if you do go that way, there are a great many theatres. As the aircraft came along, all the hotel-keepers and the people who have an enormous investment in New York have tried to keep it attractive, so you would go to Europe via New York.

Well, it is not the shortest way to Europe any longer. Today the Arctic is completely penetrable. Now I can go from anywhere in North America and reach 90% of humanity on the shortest great circle line without going near the Atlantic or the Pacific. Suddenly there is going to be this fantastic traffic which is true north and south. That is the way it's got to go. That is the shortest distance. And the younger world won't be looking at the map the way the older one does, and they'll certainly be coming this way in great numbers.

What do you do about this enormous amount of land that supports a small population in Canada? Do you try to keep it exclusive, to keep it out? History has no intention of keeping out. History has every intention of developing a World Man, and anybody who puts up barriers is going to be knocked down by evolution sooner or later, and that's not really very far away. Evolution is very, very strict. And evolution is so rapid right now that there's no way we can possibly get ourselves in gear to accommodate how fast it really is coming. So not only would I try not to set up any barriers, but I would add to the influx of the whole world coming to you, but coming from the north, not from the east and west any more. Your eyes are not to the north, but you're going to have to change the direction of your eyes, up to the north.

◆ The young world is learning about the world on the hour by the hour, and they're not brought up to the tunes of my little town. The capacity of the young is to explore all the world.

They used to be very localized, but now they're subjects of the world. It's their third parent, the television, that tells them about the submarine going under the Arctic ice. That wasn't told them by their parents — their parents come home and say "I had a very hard time at the shoe store today" — and they go back to their third parent that tells them about going under the Arctic ice.

◆ In World War I, for the ins to save themselves against the outs with all this new technology, they had to let their scientists get loose. And when the scientists got loose, we went from visible to invisible — we went to what we call today the great electromagnetic spectrum. Now we have the electromagnetic spectrum where we have been able to identify each of the chemical elements by their frequencies. And on the electromagnetic spectrum, which is reality, we have a little tuning machine. And now that we know a little about tuning machines, now that we have the right crystal for the right vibrations, we're only able to tune in on one millionth of reality. We used to think of ourselves as essentially conscious, absolutely stark conscious of everything. Before you may have realized that you didn't know everything, but now I assure you that you only see and touch and smell one millionth of reality. All the things that are going on in your life, that are going to alter all your lives, are being conducted in the areas of the electromagnetic spectrum, where you can't see, smell or touch, but the information is simply being relayed by instruments and by the trained mind. The only contact with that reality is through the trained mind, and not through the muscle, because it is all invisible.

◆ There is a complete tidal wave of a new organizing capability that is about to inundate you, but you can't see it coming because it's invisible. That's why I talk about this wave's acceleration. I am a student of what acceleration is and what the great changes are, and I simply say to you that what will happen in the next ten years is going to be much more surprising than what happened in the last hundred and fifty — and that is fantastic. At the time of the founding of London, Ontario in 1806, the telegraph had not been invented.

◆ One thing that excites me about Canada — maybe because you live a little more in the cold, and the cold reminds you once in a while of how nature does work, and you learn to be respectful of principles and you have more time inside in a sense in the winter to think — but for one reason or another, I find Canada always has a capability to at least consider the intellectual integrity and the possibility of doing various things. You are a small number, but you have done some things economically and so forth on an experimental basis, while some of the rest of the world was not really daring to do it without calling it all kinds of names, some derogatory names. I've been meeting a lot of Canadians and I find their thoughtfulness about world problems is very, very great. I find the integrity is very high. I'm also impressed at how relatively little pettiness there is. I've not had people rushing at me to tell me which way a freeway should go, or something.

The most important of all the qualities in your community is integrity — and that's invisible. That's the great invisible asset of your community, above everything. I mean there is something very healthy in the Canadian tradition — a very beautiful tradition of integrity.

I'm not going to try to tell you which way to run your freeways. But if you have a freeway somewhere, let the freeway go through and use it somehow to tie you up to the rest of the world. On the other hand I'll tell you that coming very fast, we'll just about finish our freeways and they'll be obsolete, and we'll start a new kind of transportation.

◆ We are just beginning to comprehend that we are not the telephone wires, but the conversation.

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RECORDS

A word on revolution. It left the studios long ago while most everybody was blindfolded in a soundproof room with nothing to touch but four coroners. We heard it sometime later and stepping in we were washed. Cleansed. Refinishing proved to be a costly process. Too often we dirtied our hands on our clothes and when we looked to bathe the water was lukewarm. The tub was crowded with gossip, the drain clogged with freedom soured by complacency. So we turned to those who turned away or seemed to, forgetting that the revolution was walking the streets by now but still unaware how artifactual another exodus would have to be.

Spotlights:

"Any musical innovation is full of danger to the whole state, and ought to be prohibited. When modes of music change, the fundamental laws of the state always change with them. The spirit of license, finding a home, imperceptibly penetrates into manners and customs. It invades contracts between man and man, and from contracts goes on to laws and constitutions, in utter recklessness, ending at last by an overthrow of all rights, private as well as public."

— Plato

"I think that anybody who honestly tries to expand some musical horizons is engaged in a very useful endeavour but I haven't seen anybody trying to do it recently. I've seen a lot of groups trying to imitate other things that they think are modern but I don't see them trying to find their own way and create a personal language."

— Frank Zappa, 1969

"All our literature and art are for the masses of the people, and in the first place for the workers, peasants and soldiers. . . (Our purpose is) to ensure that literature and art fit well into the whole revolutionary machine as a component part, that they operate as powerful weapons for uniting and educating the people and for attacking and destroying the enemy. . . (But) works of art which lack artistic quality have no force, however progressive they are politically."

— Mao Tse-Tung, 1942

"When new instruments will allow me to write music as I conceive it, the movement of sound-masses, of shifting planes, will be clearly perceived in my work, taking the place of the linear counterpoint. When these sound-masses collide, the phenomena of penetration or repulsion will seem to occur. Certain transmutations taking place on certain planes will seem to be projected onto other planes, moving at different speeds and at different angles. There will no longer be the old conception of melody or interplay of melodies. The entire work will be a melodic totality. The entire work will flow as a river."

— Edgard Varese, 1936

"Music was born free; and to win freedom is its destiny."

— Ferruccio Busoni, 1911

"And where do all these highways go
Now that we are free"

— Leonard Cohen, 1968

"The links in the chain of tradition are formed by men who have all been revolutionists," Varèse said the year Toe Blake won the Hart and Art Ross Trophies for the first and only time. Are we turning revolution into tradition or simply creating a new tradition out of revolutionists? We are being tucked in and like it or not we do. Musically. The state of the state is much less musical. Disparates have rights. This is the right to listen.

Another song drops from a jukebox
reaching for the sound no one forgets
this time we listen
hanging on to endless present



until the sounds become days
running through our minds.

(Growing old with Bob Dylan.) You and I mark time with music; by music we place faces and speech. Our cereal is eaten in ongoing instalments of wavelengths feeding us milk and sugar. Well I've heard those rumours too but I'm not about to evict them for disturbing the peace. Growing old with Dylan is healthy with a perspective that is inner-directed in the extreme. If anyone thinks **Nashville Skyline** (Columbia KCS 9825) is where Dylan will be in '73 they may be perceptive but their sense of the past is counterfeit. Dylan may not look back, but he knows what's there. Here his smile tips the hat and more of that sky blue. If there are figures in the tree they can't be framed; besides, the long fingernails are on hand to be revealed. Yes, the cover is inviting and even though house-painting has never been better this is one you can't hear enough of wondering about. Immediately the familiarity of "Frankie Lee" and "Judas Priest", and "Girl from the North Country" becomes the only song Dylan has ever recorded twice. A voice faintly white spade and like some crooner from a border state awaiting stardom. Meanwhile Johnny Cash is right into Dylan's old feeling for the song. Or so it seems. It's just that we've never heard him sing it before, let alone differently. Into "Nashville Skyline Rag" and everybody knows it's rolling.

"I Threw It All Away" jumps right out of Blonde on Blonde musically and the atmosphere of "Tell Me That It Isn't True" reeks of Highway 61. Organically, though, the album is an outgrowth of "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight". "Lay Lady Lay", especially. The shade is shut and you don't have to worry anymore. Take a tip from one who's tried don't throw that love away.

Aside from minor and brief ragged edges in the first two cuts, musically the album is impeccable. Uncluttered; brimming. Like the first time the steel guitar comes in on "Country Pie". Add the changes in "Peggy Day", and those two numbers paint the picture on the cover.

Be mused.

Paul Ennis



LENNY BREAU

Guitar Sounds from Lenny Breau
Lenny Breau (Spanish, Electric, Twelve-string guitar); Reg Kelln (electric bass); Ronnie Halldorson (drums); Chet Atkins and Danny Davis (producers)
RCA LSP-4076

The long-awaited Breau album, may many such follow. Neither a re-issue, nor called "The Inevitable Garlic Revelation", it is truly something else. Breau makes me think of two Kenny Burrells, that being a

weak description of somebody who is a complete original; original always in technique, and, beautifully often, in ideas. The liner-notes detail his mechanical innovations; here suffice it to say that these give him **depth** such as we rarely hear. (Technicians: note the amazing altered chords and pedal point.) A comment in the liner-notes notwithstanding, Lenny Breau could very well replace over-dubbing.

Though Breau's is the only solo voice, firm support from his two long-time associates is in evidence throughout. Breau is at his best in a group context, where all the obviousnesses are done for him, and he is free to "play the implications," as I think Ornette Coleman said somewhere. He brings to jazz unusually varied influences, and one of his few faults is to quote these sources verbatim, so sometimes a chorus may turn out bebop-cum-Flamenco-cum-raga-cum-country; if not always jazz, always enjoyable. "Freight Train" is such a display; Breau at his flashiest and, I suppose, furthest from the purist idea of jazz. But for the purists there are standards ("Georgia," "Funny Valentine") conceived in liberty and both new experiences. There is also rock and folk and country stuff, all transformed. This record made me like "King of the Road;" an overwhelming tribute.

In reviewing his last year's appearance at Toronto's Riverboat, newspaper critics tended (oddly, I thought at the time) to call him a "theme and variations" man. This judgment has a certain justice for Breau at his most ostentatious, but choice Breau is finally and simply a jazz player. The songs are tantalizing short, impeccable miniatures, and we await the recording of extended Breau jazz. But meanwhile we have this record, animated by a wholly new conception and technique of jazz guitar. If that technique seems to run away with Breau at times, that is an understandable hazard of such a powerful ability in a young musician. Judging from recent Toronto appearances time and general good where-it's-attitude are already combining to make him truly great. Chet Atkins said so.

Tony Quarrington



VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

Pastoral Symphony & in the Fen Country
New Philharmonia Orchestra/Sir Adrian Boult
Angel stereo S-36532

Not "the" Pastoral Symphony but a superb account of Vaughan Williams' gentle, searching and serenely beautiful score of 1922. The record demonstrates a new and welcome interest by the companies in both VW's music and the conducting mastery of Sir Adrian Boult. (Andre Previn, also, is scheduled to record all the nine

symphonies.) At this rate, by 1972, the planners will have to dig deep into VW's output, to come up with something new for his centenary. Fortunately, there are plenty of riches to be rediscovered. Angel's sound on this disc is exemplary — as warm as sunshine and as mellow as oak.

Clive Denton



HARVEY MANDEL

Christo Redentor

Harvey Mandel (guitar); Kenny Buttery (drums), Pete Drake (steel guitar); two cuts — Charlie Musselwhite (harmonica); Barry Goldberg (organ, electric piano)
Phillips PHS 600-281

Harvey Mandel was a member of Charlie Musselwhite's South Side Band when Barry Goldberg was there too, and they gave us one of the best white blues albums ever — "Stand Back!" (Vanguard VSD 79232). They played at the Fillmore in San Francisco, and Harvey Mandel stood there, small and thin and uncostumed, rarely moving, left hand sliding thick notes — up and back — never leaving the fretboard, right hand playing basses with a flatpick between thumb and forefinger, fingerpicking the trebles. He knows his machine like a race driver, knows exactly when and how far to push it, straining it to its limits within the twelve-bar course. He can sustain a note for eight bars (17 seconds on "4 PM" on "Stand Back!") if he needs to or chop out perfectly controlled short-note riffs.

"Christo Redentor," a completely instrumental album, begins with the title cut, which is also on "Stand Back!" but here Goldberg's organ is replaced with a soprano. It's disappointing. In fact, one begins to wonder what happened to Harvey until halfway through the second cut ("Before Six"), when the guitar finally emerges from the horns in a loud, sustained-note solo, and Harvey brings it all back home. And from then on, we never leave it; both "The Lark" and "Long Wait" have Charley Musselwhite on harmonica and Barry Goldberg on organ and electric piano. "The Lark" is all harmonica — whining, doppler-effect trainwhistle impersonation.

Side two begins with "Wade in the Water" — eight minutes of it complete with conga drum and a long solo by Harvey. Unfortunately, someone let a child loose in the control room, and the guitar source phases gratuitously from channel to channel. This happens also on "Before Six" and "Bradley's Barn," but after a while it can be ignored. Most of the other engineering experiments, however, are successful: a backwards section in "Lights Out," overdubbing in "You Can't Tell Me," and the balance of instrumental power in gen-

eral.

In spite of a surfeit of talent (the credit list is long and confusing), the predominant artist is always Harvey, master of many styles. He offers everything from an extraordinarily controlled wah-wah solo on "Bradley's Barn" to the soft, slow blues of "The Snake."

The album, recorded in six different studios, is more Nashville than Chicago or anything else. The last cut is "Nashville 1 a.m.," and Pete Drake's steel guitar (responsible for so much of the mood of "John Wesley Harding") gives the country the last word.

If you haven't heard Harvey Mandel, you should. Buy "Stand Back!" first. Then come back for "Christo Redentor;" don't be misled by the repulsive psychedelic cover. Harvey's inside.

John White



COLGRASS, CARTER

As Quiet As (Colgrass); Piano Concerto (Carter)

Jacob Lateiner (piano); Boston Symphony Orchestra (Erich Leinsdorf conductor)
RCA Victor LSC 3001

The Colgrass is a rare and beautiful example of contemporary program music. It is very accessible and is highly recommended, especially for those who generally do not dig contemporary music. Colgrass obtained his inspiration for this piece from fourth graders' completions of the sen-

tence, "Let's be as quiet as. . ." The wonderfully evocative movement titles are as follows: "a leaf turning colours, an uninhabited creek, an ant walking, children sleeping, time passing, a soft rain-fall, the first star coming out."

Colgrass' orchestrational ability is remarkable. Some of the sounds he uses are among the most sensuous that I have heard from an orchestra (for instance, the ensemble of tinkling percussion instruments in "the first star coming out"). Certain sections of the piece, particularly the 'jazz' section, are a bit corny, but would be disturbing only to those who take this music too seriously. This is essentially 'light' music: pretty, entertaining, cute, and fun, but still in a thoroughly contemporary idiom. I have found that this music is also very appealing to children.

On the reverse is Elliott Carter's Piano Concerto, a much more serious and challenging work, and I think ultimately more rewarding. Like Carter's other recent music this piece is very dense and busy and requires many listenings to be understood. Listen, for instance, to the pulses which permeate the entire work, which constantly shift and overlap one another, and which set up expectations that are sometimes resolved and sometimes thwarted. Listen to the melodies; try to sing them. Carter is a great melodist, and has written some beautiful melodic lines in this piece. The best way to approach this music, however, is to start with some of Carter's earlier music: his first string quartet, for

Elliott Carter



instance, which is one of the most beautiful works of this century.

William Douglas



SHCHEDRIN

The Carmen Ballet
Melodiya/Angel SR-40067

Those of you who are as delighted as I am with the Sullivan-Mackerras "Pineapple Poll" ballet and the Handel-Beecham "Love in Bath" will find here another 'must' for your collection. Purists who can't stand arrangements by other hands of a composer's music should steer clear and miss yourselves a wild, beautiful, mad, colourful romp through the music of Bizet's opera "Carmen," freely (very freely) arranged as a ballet and scored for an orchestra of strings and 47 percussion instruments by a young Soviet composer named Rodion Shchedrin.

The performance by the Bolshoi Theatre Orchestra conducted by Gennady Rozhdestvensky is as brilliant and refreshing as a shower of needles and the recording will keep all the 'tweeter' and 'woofer' bugs happy for a while.

Shchedrin opens and closes his ballet with the Habanera, and most of the familiar arias from the opera make an appearance, but a particularly poetic and attractive moment occurs at the beginning of side two, where Shchedrin interpolates the Danse Bohemienne from another Bizet opera "La Jolie Fille de Perth." You might try this for a sample of Shchedrin's sensitive handling of his unusual orchestral forces.

Lawson Cook



PROCOL HARUM

Shine on Brightly

Gary Brooker (voice and piano); Matthew Fisher (organ); Robin Trower (lead guitar); David Knights (bass guitar); B. J. Wilson (percussion)

A & M Records SP 4151

Procol Harum, kings of baroque rock, began with "A Whiter Shade of Pale" (on the top forty) and a beautiful first album, subsequently slipping into oblivion for a year. "Shine on Brightly," their second album, makes the year's wait worthwhile. The same balance of Gary Brooker's vocal, piano, organ, and unobtrusive fuzz guitar is presented with a new set of Keith Reid lyrics, in his usual rigid metrical pattern.

The first side is a series of five songs of equal length, from which "Rambling On" stands out because of the grotesque imagery and surrealist situation. The singer, inspired by a Batman movie, makes a

pair of wings and decides to fly. The beauty of the song is in Brooker's ability to transform Reid's most prosaic lines into melodically memorable poetry: "Hey, wait a minute, don't you realize the danger?/ What do you think you are, some kind of angel?" flows rhythmically, perfectly into the musical pattern. "Skip Softly (my moonbeams)" begins with Khatchaturian's sword dance and ends with the organ rapidly descending the chromatic scale, like Chauncey Haines accompanying a silent movie.

Side two consists of two pieces, "Magdalene" ("I will stand here plaiting daisies/ Whilst you play the piano grande") and an eighteen-minute composition, "In Held 'Twas I," linking songs, poetry, and narration. In this long piece the listener comes to know Keith Reid intimately. He is a softspoken, uncertain young poet: "At a time like this, which exists maybe only for me. . . ." "even though the words I use are pretentious and make you cringe with embarrassment . . ." He is a child of chaos ("Above all else confusion reigns/ And though I ask, no one explains") who believes that, as long as he communicates, something is gained. He is searching for order; he rejects the unsatisfying, oversimplified unities of Eastern theology (the Dalai Lama tells the pilgrim, "Life is a beanstalk, isn't it?"), but finds nothing to replace them. He is unaware that his art is in itself an answer to chaos. "Shine on Brightly," to borrow a phrase from Wallace Stevens, offers an idea of order; it is a temporary, enclosed work of art, which attempts to arrange the fluctuating pieces of reality into an aesthetic unit. It succeeds.

John White



THE MOTHERS OF INVENTION

Uncle Meat

Frank Zappa (writer, producer, guitar, vocals); Ray Collins (vocals); Jimmy Carl Black (drums); Roy Estrada (bass, vocals); Don Preston (piano); Billy Mundi (drums); Bunk Gardner (woodwinds); Ian Underwood (keyboards, woodwinds); Artie Trip (percussion); Euclid James Sherwood (tenor sax); Ruth Komanoff (marimba, vibes); Nancy Walker (vocals).
Bizarre 2024

According to the notes this two-record album is the soundtrack from Zappa's as yet unfinished film of the same name. I don't believe it — even Zappa couldn't make a film to match this music. It's unlikely that any other group of any musical persuasion could have produced a two-record set with as much variety and good music of all kinds as is found on this record. Like the new jazz: listen to "Ian Underwood Whips It Out" or "King Kong" which takes up all of one side. Prefer new music: try "Dog Breath in the Year of the



Plague." Satiric rock: "Electric Aunt Jemima;" humour: any of Suzy Creamcheese's interpolations. In fact there's everything on this record except straight rock, though (shades of Ruben and the Jets) there is a brief bit of "Louie, Louie" as played on the organ at the Royal Albert Hall.

The only group that can really compete with this record is the Mothers today. All of this album was recorded over a year ago and as good as they are here the Mothers are even better now. Zappa seems to have gotten over the problem that plagued Charlie Mingus and to a lesser extent Coltrane, that of finding musicians who

could follow them on their wild musical excursions. On this record the Mothers almost make it but not quite. There's still a bit of stiffness. You listen to it, and you know it's hard to play. Now the Mothers make it sound easy, now it's loose. This record is good, but their next record should be great. (If it's a Ruben and the Jets record it doesn't count. They're fun but they're too easy for the best jazzpop-electroniccontemporary musicians around.)

Joe Medjuck



JUDY COLLINS

Who Knows Where the Time Goes

Judy Collins (acoustic guitar, electric piano); Michael Sahl (keyboards); Steven Stills (electric guitar and bass); Chris Ethridge (electric bass); James Gordon (drums); James Burton (electric guitar, dobro); Buddy Emmons (pedal steel guitar); Van Dyke Parks (pianos); Michael Melvoin (piano); David Anderle (producer)
Elektra EKS-74033

Judy's nicest; that's quite. Joshua Rifkin's

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flute and string milkiness on her last two albums warmed for awhile but curdled too soon. The current arrangements are obtrusive only in spots. The country sounds travel well in Dylan's "Poor Immigrant" and Cohen's "Bird on the Wire" but the only cut that really sounds country is Ian Tyson's "Someday Soon". It is sung with the marvelous sweep of a retrospective present and turns the young man into a kin of the Montgomery Clift rodeo rider in *The Misfits*.

Nostalgia eases its way out of the title song onto most of the others. The singing is irresistible; Collins' own "My Father" and Robin Williamson's "First Boy I Loved" indelible. Reminding you that *Bird on the Wire* could have been the album's subtitle.

Paul Ennis



RICHIE HAVENS

Richard P. Havens, 1983

No producer or personnel listed. Musical arrangements done by Richie Havens. Verve-Forecast FTS-3047-2

Accuse me of rear-view thinking if you will, but I like live concerts on records. Johnny Cash and Cream never sounded better than on their live cuts, and thereby also opened up a rush of these LPs, which, of course, delights me. We've got The Pentangle and Aretha Franklin is at her best in her Paris concert; and the one live cut by Dylan is probably the best single record he ever made.

And the best case in point is Richie Havens. Havens, you see, is hard to catch properly in a studio recording. He absolutely needs an audience to respond to and with, gain inspiration from. He doesn't communicate properly with a microphone and an Ampex. This latest LP of his has one side recorded live, three sides studio; and while he is rapidly learning how to use the studio, the live portions are by far the best.

Some of the studio cuts are elaborately overproduced, perhaps in the mistaken notion that Havens' work is too dull to go it alone. We don't get the smug packages of his first album (*Mixed Bag*) and avoid the dullness of his second (*Something Else*), but we do get tricky and sometimes silly production effects, instrumentation that tends to upstage Havens' powerful but rather thin voice. Maury Hayden's "Cautiously" gets a sensitive treatment from Havens but my mind keeps listening to the interplay of the organ and steel guitar behind his voice. The LP starts with a heavily produced "Stop Pulling & Pushing Me", but I can excuse that considering the claustrophobic protest of the song. Not on some other cuts though because that sort of thing prevents us from getting right in

there to the core of Havens' art — the personal statement, always vocal, always a surprising resonance between a deeply human thread in the song and Havens' own interpretation of people and their values "in a land that God's forgotten".

But before this degenerates into one of those little heavy essays we read so often about French movies, let me point out that Havens isn't at all a gloomy chronicler of the human condition of these times. He can be at times, but he's also a fine interpreter of Beatle songs — "Lady Madonna", and *Strawberry Fields* are two of the best cuts on here — and his treatment of Donovan's "Wear Your Love Like Heaven" and his own "Just Above My Horse's Head" bring out a happy child's mood. (Havens, by the way, is slowly becoming a better composer, probably because he's been working together with his photographer friend Mark Roth).

And then there's the last side: live, away from the intricate production Havens has learned from the Beach Boys (his favourite singers), just him out there playing and intimate with the audience. Appropriately he starts with "A Little Help from My Friends" in which he plays the guitar and the audience sings and it all turns into one big happy group thing. The side (and the record/concert) ends with a medley of "Run Shaker Life" & "Do You Feel Good", Havens at his best and most powerful and relaxed.

Volkmar Richter



MILES DAVIS

Filles de Kilimanjaro

Davis (trumpet); Wayne Shorter (tenor sax); Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea (piano); Ron Carter, Dave Holland (bass); Tony Williams (drums); Teo Macero (producer). Columbia CS9750

Miles is still ahead. The group that was Davis' regular quintet until last November appears on three of the five cuts in this album. Corea and Holland replace Hancock and Carter on the other two and their playing lives up to the high standards set by all of Davis' groups over the last decade or so. It sounds like an electric piano was used on four of the cuts and an electric (or at least electrified) bass on three of them. On the two cuts where Carter uses electric bass he sticks pretty well to a repeated rhythmic pedal point. This gives a nice pulse on the title tune, but on "Tout de Suite" the repetition of the same two notes on bass turns the whole thing into a monotonous dirge in spite of lovely solos by Davis and Shorter. But that's just one cut and you may even like it — it is effective. The rest of the record is a joy. All of the tunes are originals by Miles who takes lovely laconic solos on "Filles de Kilimanjaro" and "Mademoiselle Mabry" that are reminiscent of his more introverted style of a few years ago. Tony Williams' drumming is, as

usual, consistently brilliant.

Yes, all the tunes do have French titles — and I don't know why.

Joe Medjuck



DUKE ELLINGTON

"North of the Border" in Canada

Duke Ellington (piano); The Ron Collier Orch.; Louis Applebaum (producer) Decca DL75069

Ninth of a series sponsored by the CAPAC-CAB Committee for the Promotion of Canadian Music. The Committee is to be congratulated for its imagination in inviting Duke Ellington to appear as a piano soloist with Canadian recording musicians, playing works by three Canadian composers. I say imagination because Duke Ellington's reputation is primarily, and justly so, as creator rather than as interpreter, and while we have at last gotten over such glib clichés as 'Ellington's true instrument is his orchestra,' his reputation as a pianist is still not what it deserves to be. Congratulations are also due to Ellington for ungrudgingly making a contribution to the promotion of Canadian music by coming to Toronto to do this album for a token fee.

In a sense, this album is really Gordon Delamont's because the other two composers represented were both students of his. It is therefore perhaps poetic justice that Delamont's "Song and Dance" is the most effectively integrated whole of any work in the album. The song-like opening section contains a lengthy selection for Duke's piano and Duke makes the most of it, playing with rich harmonization and in a warm, expansive mood. 'It don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing' opined Duke 36 years ago, and in the dance section of this piece his propulsive piano and Ed Bickert's guitar come as close to swinging this rather ponderous studio group as anything in the album. Producer Louis Applebaum contributed greatly to the success of this fine track by coming down out of the control booth and encouraging Duke to re-phrase the melody when he sensed that Duke was not entirely comfortable with it. Delamont's other track, "Collage No. 3," is brightly original in its orchestration and also features some excellent Ellington piano.

The contributions of the other two composers, Ron Collier and Norm Symonds, are on the whole less successful. One gains the impression that they thought of Ellington as a musical rustic piping his wood-notes wild. Their pieces are not well adapted to the inclusion of a featured piano soloist, let alone an individualist like Ellington. He copes, but his playing lacks his natural fulness. Out of this rather unsympathetic confrontation of music and musician, however, came one remarkable

track that will be remembered as a milestone in Canadian music and Ellington's career. That is Norman Symond's "Nameless Hour." Over glacial strings Duke plays a starkly spare piano part that is simply astonishing in the modern harmonic conceptions it implies. Duke really felt the challenge of this music and nothing could give a better insight into the breadth of this man's musical sensibility. The string writing by Symonds is superb and the composition itself is haunting and tremendously impressive.

Ron Collier's "Aurora Borealis" contains a nice Tricky Sam bit by Butch Watanabe, a great trombonist, but a comparison with Duke's own "Northern Lights" effectively separates the men from the boys. While there are some interesting voicings in the remaining pieces (played by an orchestra without strings and shy on reeds), there is nothing to get really excited about.

The album contains full personnels and credits, has an excellent liner note by Stanley Dance, and an interesting ink sketch by Ellington. It was engineered by a fine jazzman, Roy Smith. Let us hope that the Ellington name lures Canadians away from their traditional mistrust of Canadian artists. This album is well worth having and Ellington fans in particular simply can't miss it.

R. R. Anger

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ART

The bronze cap-in-hand award for Abject Servility to the States (the ASS cup), Cultural Sell-Out Division, this month goes to the Province of Ontario Council for the Arts, for appointing Yankee apologist Nicholas Volk to the newly created position of regional administrator.

Volk is not your ordinary Yank. A Harvard graduate in international relations, 36, he apprenticed with the U.S. Navy, then switched to the subtler side of imperial oppression, the cultural front. He directed U.S. information offices (well loved by all subject peoples) in Cambodia, Thailand and Pakistan, and presumed to advise the natives on cultural development. In an interview with Toronto *Star* critic Gail Dexter, Volk explained that his job there was to find "American solutions" to local cultural hassles. Sound familiar? Well yasee them yella guys aint got much arta their own, so we gotta help'm along, show'm th' 'merican way, same as in politics . . . Since 1964 Ontario's newest cultural bureaucrat had been information officer at the U.S. Consulate General in Toronto — like, justifying napalm, explaining freedomland police tactics, and helping to hound drop-outs from the draft.

Nor is he now doing any ordinary job. The regional director is responsible for selecting and studying a pilot project for cultural development in a particular area of the province. His experience with the pilot will determine the feasibility of a major program planned by the Council to distribute provincial funds to local theatres and galleries and projects. So an accomplished Yankee propagandist will be intimately involved with the direction of grass-roots Ontario arts. Volk is back at his old stand, just like in Bangkok. But at least the Thais got Uncle Sam to pay for the service; the Ontario Council is subverting us with our own taxes. Volk's former employers must be proud of their boy.

I'm exaggerating? It all depends on how he approaches the job? When Gail Dexter asked him what "American solutions" he had for Canadian cultural problems, Volk said "I don't know yet." Dig that. He didn't say he was looking for Canadian solutions; he didn't even consider any. He

just said he didn't know which imperialist techniques would work — yet. And when pressed about Canadian cultural identity, he blandly observed "I'm not sure that a national identification is essential for this country."

Well I'm sure. And sure that we'll need every shred of national identification as the empire south of us cracks up, which it is noticeably doing. That identity is hard for Volk to admit, because it begins at anti-Americanism, the one principle we all (except Irving Layton) agree on. When I asked Volk about it, he said he found it "overdrawn" to suggest that Canadian culture must essentially react against American. Caesar smiles, and yawns.

Regional development does matter, enough that it shouldn't be entrusted to the enemy. The phenomenal London, Ontario scene has shown what can happen when our artists decide to dig in, retain their international sophistication but make their art from their own roots. And if Volk wants to understand that region, he can read the message on one of Greg Curnoe's lettered panel paintings included in the currently touring *Heart of London* show: "CLOSE THE 49TH PARALLEL!"

We could use a regional development program to spread the London example. In the visual arts what's probably needed is some kind of travelling curator — instead of the travelling exhibitions that keep trying to bring art in from outside. The itinerant would have to be Canadian and strange — grooving on antimacassars and home-made toys and the most unselfconscious pop. He goes into a region, finds the stuff that is the real culture of the people there — signs made by small shop keepers, barn doors painted or left unpainted by farmers, almost anything whittled or stitched or hammered together by local eccentrics — and he puts it together with the best of the 'finer arts,' if any, of the community past and present. The result (based on *The Arts of Our Region* show pioneered by Anne Brodzky for the London Public Library and Art Museum in 1967) is a first look at what people of that area do when they make something with passion.

That's important art, and when the or-

ganizer moves on, the region, with provincial government funding, should be able to sustain its own continuing program of local shows. Add a few imported exhibitions for sophisticated seasoning, bring to controversial boil in the press and media, and serve for the rest of the country in a show like *The Heart of London* that tells people what the life of your town is.

Some Ontario Arts Council programs in the past have helped regional art. Particularly the Centennial purchase of paintings and sculpture to be distributed to small galleries and schools around the province was an inspired idea. But the Volk appointment is something else. Let's send him home to Nixon, and grow our grass roots wild.



MONTREAL,
Musée d'Art Contemporain:
New York 13
June 3 — July 6

We don't need proconsuls, but we must have first-hand news from Rome. We certainly get the worst of U.S. 'civilization,' so it's refreshing to see some of the best, and the Vancouver Art Gallery makes sure we do. Having feasted on the *Los Angeles Six* alone last season, Vancouver decided to let the rest of us share this year's feature exhibition of major work by 13 big names from the region known as New York; this month the tour ends in Montreal at the Musée d'Art Contemporain.

The show falls perceptibly short of the ambitious aims of its organizers. Claes Oldenburg's *Hard Saw*, built in Vancouver to the artist's specifications especially for the show, and the painting by Barnett Newman, the only one he had exhibited for a year, suggest the kind of significance hoped for. But Manhattan dealers aren't yet that convinced of big money in the Canadian market, so the gallery in several cases had to settle for the less-than-now or the less-than-essential. Still, many works are being seen for the first time, and pieces like Andy Warhol's *Race Riot*, Robert Rauschenberg's 1964 *Axle*, and Elsworth Kelly's three panels of solid colour *Red Yellow Blue* (1966) are moving, powerful paintings anywhere anytime.

New York is no longer even a nice place to visit (and you certainly wouldn't want to live there), so I suggest you see here what may be some of the last great products of a terminal civilization. Shown in Toronto and Regina as well as Montreal and Vancouver, the exhibition may have a widespread effect on developing artists across Canada.





Billy Al Bengston

real minimalist Yves Gaucher. The former print-maker has cooled from his op-bright hues of four or five years ago through progressively more austere canvases, until arriving at the format of his present series — a few horizontal grey lines sparingly distributed over large fields of almost-grey. Green, yellow, pink and other tones can be perceived only in relation to the pure grey lines; by concentrating on the rhythmic tensions of the lines we can discover a subtle chromatic experience — and isn't that what painting's all about? Gaucher comments that grey "contains all colours and all emotional states." His earliest works in this direction were called **Alap**, which is the quiet introduction to the raga, before the strong rhythm begins. Pictures for meditation: it's all there if you want it, and if you can wait for it.



OTTAWA,
National Gallery of Canada:
Iain Baxter (N.E. Thing Co.)
May 30 — June 29

One effect of the Vancouver gallery's prodigious work is the most informed population of artists in any Canadian city. So Vancouver art often tends to knowing parody of current idiom — a serious game that Iain Baxter, the man behind the N.E.

VANCOUVER,
Vancouver Art Gallery:
Billy Al Bengston
May 27 — June 15

Meanwhile the source of the New York selection keeps up its frenetic pace of original, relevant exhibitions by turning Pacific attention back to California with a one-man show by Billy Al Bengston, who lives in Venice, Cal., and might have been a seventh to the **L.A. Six**. Bengston, 35, is well known for his glossy emblems, usually connoting the military, painted in enamel or lacquer on metal. His gleaming sergeant's stripes are rich pop colour objects, at least as Californian as, say, **The Graduate**, and should be of real interest to a number of B.C. painters whose works already bear comparison to Bengston's. If the rest of our public galleries and museums served their local artists as pertinently as Vancouver does, we'd have a quicker, livelier art history of responses, founded more on original work and less on pix in mags.



EDMONTON,
Edmonton Art Gallery:
Yves Gaucher (Grey Series)
May 28 — June 29

Still another show originating in Vancouver is this selection of recent work by Mont-

Iain Baxter



Thing Co., has been playing well and truly for some years now. Baxter's plastic wit is so quick and inventive that he sometimes has difficulty staying with any one idea long enough to develop its possibilities beyond a hurried, happy sketch. Then he's on to another application of his plastic forming, bagging, blowing up and stretching out. One of his latest projects was an exhibition of piles of things around Vancouver, a show complete with a map of where to find them. The National Gallery's effort is only another attempt to wrap Plasticman in a fine-arts baggy; it's always instructive to watch Iain struggle to get out.



MONTREAL,
Galerie Godard Lefort:
Michael Morris
June 10 — 28

Another west coast style sophisticate is Michael Morris, whose parodies play on several levels at once. Now you see a classically-balanced soft-edge geometric abstraction; then it's a pun on dimension,

depth and illusion. Or a comment on current concerns with fidelity to the flat surface of the painting as actual two-dimensional object; yet it's a serious statement in those terms too. And there's a pop quality, like an abstract movie marquee.

Morris' most recent sleight-of-eye transformation was **New York Letter**, composed of large photo blow-ups of a tonal drawing of his characteristic vertical stripes, joined at the middle of his panels to make a virtual horizontal line, suggesting reflection in the already flat-but-deep controlled chiaroscuro, flickering, in the light of reproduction, across the surface. A new show by this young B.C. painter is always a puzzling, intriguing, finally rewarding experience. Don't be turned off by his cool reserve; he means exactly what his tongue in cheek says.



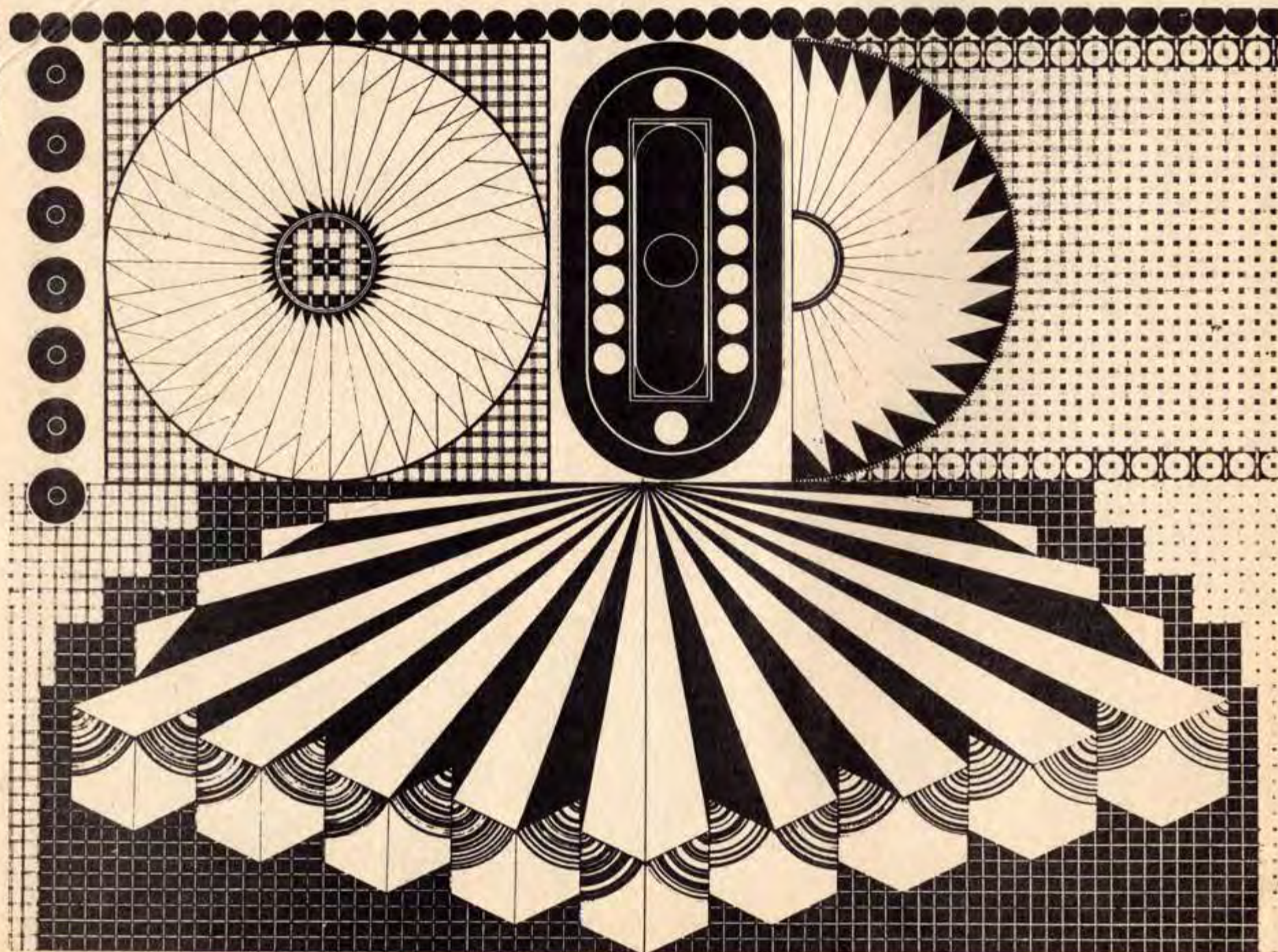
STRATFORD,
Rothman's Art Gallery:
Scultura Italiana and **People in the Park**
from June 10

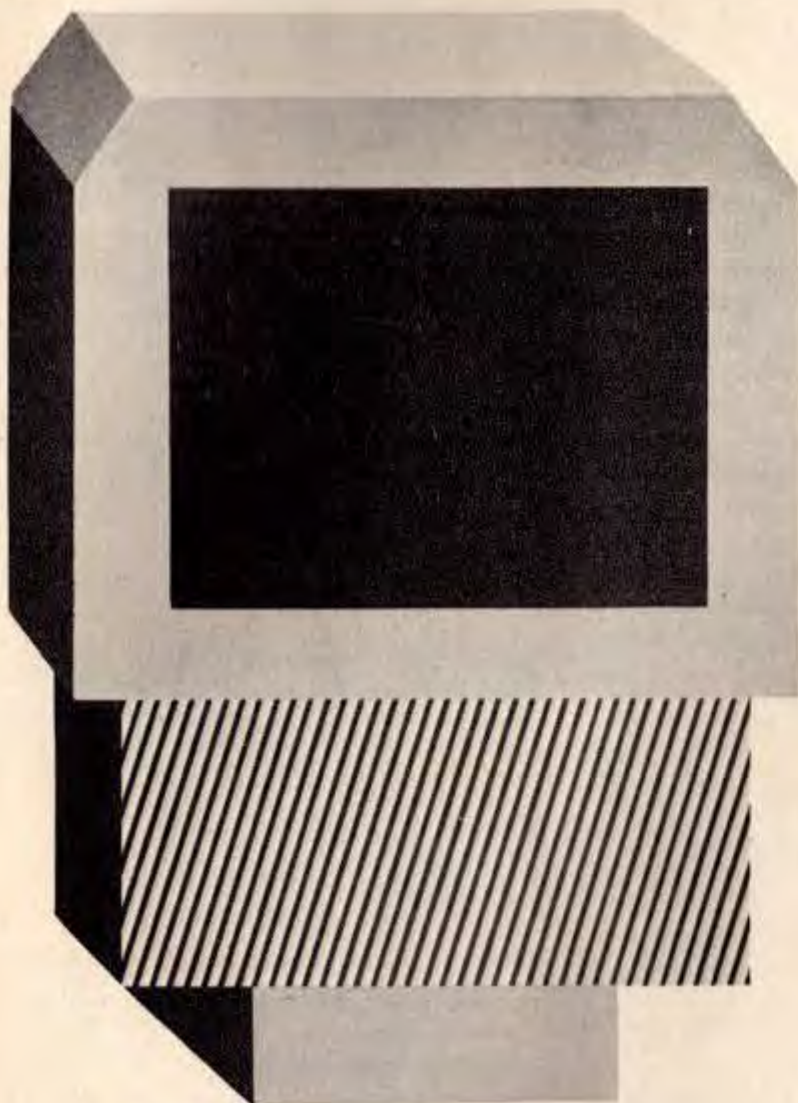
When you get to Stratford, you'll probably

find the pleasant Romeo Street Rothman's gallery cluttered with iffy sculpture. **Italiana** comprises 60 pieces owned by the cigarette's parent firm, the Peter Stuyvesant Foundation, backed up by 30 Italian paintings. But the dates are mostly the bad old days of the 1950s and early '60s, when most Italians were trying hard to cop a prize at Venice by imitating the Yanks' junk sculpture, assemblage, and abstract expressionism. Most of them failed, but there may be a few bright moments. The show tours Canada after closing here in September.

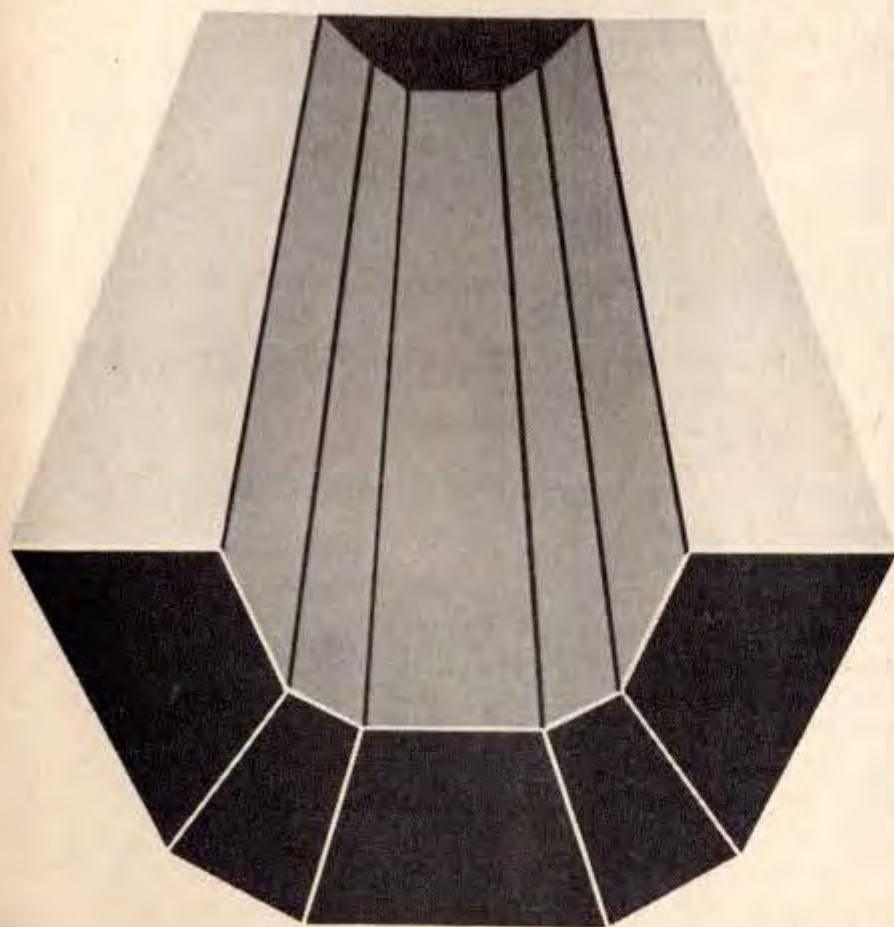
Outside in the warm are 16 figurative pieces by a dozen Canadians, selected by Dorothy Cameron. **People** is an attempt to follow the great success of Dorothy's non-figurative show of last season. Look out for Michael Snow's original Walking Woman, called **Sideways**, and pieces by ribald potter Anne James of Regina, Vancouver's Sherry Grauer, and realist newcomer Joseph Cavena, also of Vancouver. But much of the rest of the show will probably have the shortcomings of all non-dialectical (i.e. liberal) humanism today — a tendency to quasi-monumental irrelevance. Let's hope not.

Michael Morris





Michael Morris



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STRATFORD, ONTARIO, CANADA

Papuan Gulf New Guinea mask



TORONTO,
Royal Ontario Museum:
The Arts of Forgotten Peoples
to June 22

The exhibition absolutely not to be missed this month is at the R.O.M., and comes direct from the storage rooms of that astonishing institution. This time it's the ethnology department, work that it used to be o.k. to call 'primitive art.'

Over five hundred objects from this great collection are presented here for the first time with the imagination and colour they deserve. Ranging from hunting and food-gathering implements through means of trade and musical instruments to masks and religious icons, the display allows each item to be seen by itself and in relation to pieces of similar function from other cultures and continents. This non-linear installation suggests the relevance of the show to our own global village; it might have been interesting to go even further, and juxtapose a few of the artefacts that we'll be remembered by when we are a forgotten people. For as Curator E.S. Rogers observes in the exhibition handbook, "all over the world the forgotten peoples are re-emerging, attempting to shape their own future based on their traditional past and on their reactions to the impact of Westernization."

Here we can compare the planar/volumetric tensions of west coast Indian art with the low-relief carving of the Maori, or contrast the dramatic narrative naturalism of a Peruvian figure with more formalized African pieces. Consider the shapes of throwing sticks around the world. There are some exquisite equations of form and function, but much of the show celebrates sheer joy in decoration. Take enough time to discover your favourite pieces, and contemplate. There's a colour poster of design motifs of the Naskapi Indians of northern Quebec, and a useful handbook too.



TORONTO,
Art Gallery of Ontario:
Picasso: 347 Etchings
May 24 — June 29

Picasso, who first taught us to see primitive art near the beginning of the century, is now the victim of instant art history. Here are 347 etchings completed, often at a rate of two a day, from March 16 to October 5, 1968, at the 87-year-old master's home in the south of France. Organized by the Galerie Louise Leiris in Paris, the complete collection of this incredible quantity of prints was shown at the Art Institute of Chicago and comes to Toronto somewhat unexpectedly due to the efforts of the new contemporary art curator Mario Amaya and Mr and Mrs Dunkelman of Toronto's Dunkelman Gallery.

What were you doing from March to October last year? This enormous number of prints is offered as if Picasso were not already one of the most prolific artists of this or any century, and if you agree with John Berger's thesis, again shows how a great talent has been trapped by his own facility and the lack of an adequate social subject (after *Guernica*) into producing infinite trivial variations on the erotic.

You'll see only 341 prints, by the way; six of the old man's raunchiest fantasies won't be shown, on the usual excuse that school children will be touring the gallery and would understand too well. But if you can convince the curators that you're an art historian, they promise they'll let you peek. Send three **Playboy** fold-outs and your address to get your official 'Art Historian' badge . . .



SASKATOON,
Mendel Art Centre:
Miller Brittain
May 27 — June 17

A Canadian who was almost as active—he did at least a pastel a day for many years — was Miller Brittain of Saint John, N.B. He died last year at 55, still very little known outside his home province despite his production of important, difficult work from about 1932 forward. He was our only significant social realist, and was once called "the Canadian Bruegel" for his drawings and paintings of Saint John life. After service in the air force and as a war artist, he turned from genre to religious



Picasso etching March 25, 1968



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subjects, and then began to explore a tortuous intimate world of truncated figures in surreal landscapes. Far from facile, he used luminous colour and telling line to achieve intense statements of bracing candour and integrity. Hopefully this small touring show is only the beginning of the recognition he long deserved in his lifetime.



TORONTO,
Carmen Lamanna Gallery:
Ed Zelenak
June 5 — 19

A much younger but equally hard-working artist is southwest Ontario sculptor Ed Zelenak, whose pieces until recently have been too big for gallery exhibition. His **Traffic**, outside his studio in West Lorne, must in fact be the largest sculpture ever made by a Canadian: a great fibreglas tube five feet in diameter coils up 22 feet, lunges along the ground 35 feet, and then returns to double the loop. This show presents the smaller coils that followed the giant; worm-like twists and swirls in smaller-diameter fibreglas. It's the first one-man show for an artist who is evidently going to matter more and more.



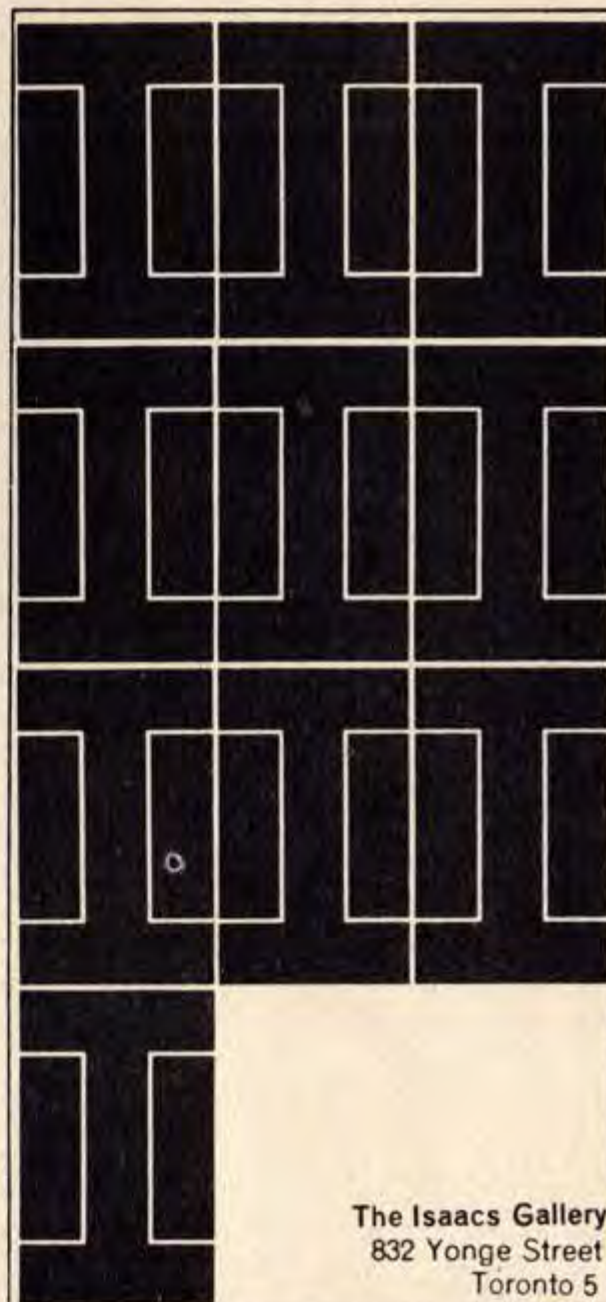
Other Scenes

Two jury shows are on view in Montreal — **Canada Ceramics 69** at the Canadian Guild of Crafts (from June 11) and **Survey 69**, what used to be called the 'Spring Show,' at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, May 16 — June 26. **Survey** should be tiny, because the jurors (Mme Andree Paradis of **Vie des Arts** magazine, Toronto painter Ron Bloore, and New York critic Lucy Lippard) are three very different individuals with strong opinions, a combination that usually leads to a compromise on the very few pieces that please all three sensibilities. No prizes this year, and entries restricted to nominees of a cross-country committee of curators and critics.

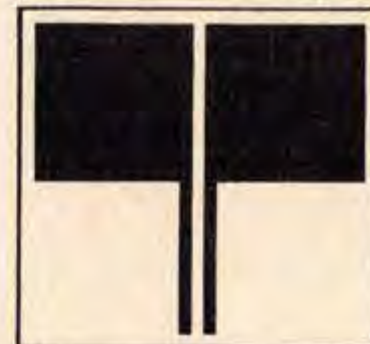
Three Centuries of Scottish Painting, a touring show at the Art Gallery of Hamilton May 13 — June 15, is probably one of the least necessary historical surveys, unless you happen to be Scottish. While Edinburgh and Glasgow have been enormously influential on the architecture and public life of our cities, painting is perhaps one of our liveliest arts because it has not been similarly affected.

Another look back this month is at Toronto's Pollock Gallery, a retrospective (June 1 — 20) of **Frances Loring** and **Florence Wyle**, two pioneers of Canadian sculpture in the first half of this century.

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OTHER THINGS

Grossman's Tavern on Toronto's Spadina Avenue just north of Dundas is in the middle of an area fast becoming an artists' colony as low rental lofts are turned into high rental studios. Grossman's offers moderately priced food in generous helpings and specializes in such Jewish delicacies as cabbage rolls and kishkas as well as deep fried chicken wings and egg rolls. It also offers draft beer in jugs and Buddy Holly records on the juke box.

Inert gas learns new tricks: For neon sign buffs, what surely is the most impressive statement of the progress of the art has been flashing steadily in northern Montreal since last fall. There, at the corner of Metropolitan Boulevard East and Iberville (perched loftily atop 2530 Metropolitan Blvd. E. to be exact) — facing east — is a large, multi-coloured and (God knows) active display extolling the various members of the (as they say) Chevrolet family of fine cars.

Designed by the manufacturer (Neon Products in Toronto) and Chevy's ad agency (McLaren), the sign is closer to film animation than to the "JOE'S DINER — JOE'S DINER — JOE'S DINER" variety that has done so much for the highway approaches to the average American city. Working with red lettering (and Chevrolet symbol) and individually-coloured rectangles (in red, mauve, green and blue), the Montreal display goes through some 29 different steps, lasting a total of 80 seconds, before getting back to where it started. According to the U.S. supplier of the basic electronics, there is nothing quite as complicated anywhere in the western world (including both Times Square and Piccadilly Circus) — only in Tokyo's Ginza may there be an effort so complex.

What's more, the show — which should be running another five years at least — is well worth watching. It's a pity that the average Metropolitan Blvd. driver — bouncing along the elevated three-lane thoroughfare, switching lanes and swearing at 80 miles an hour — doesn't have the time to see more than an act or two at a time.

The Kitchener public library boasts fourteen books on Goya — but not one of them has remaining in it a colour reproduction of *The Maja Nude*. The illustrations have all been cut from the books, sometimes whole pages (including text). Librarians were startled, recently, to discover the extent of the vandalism.



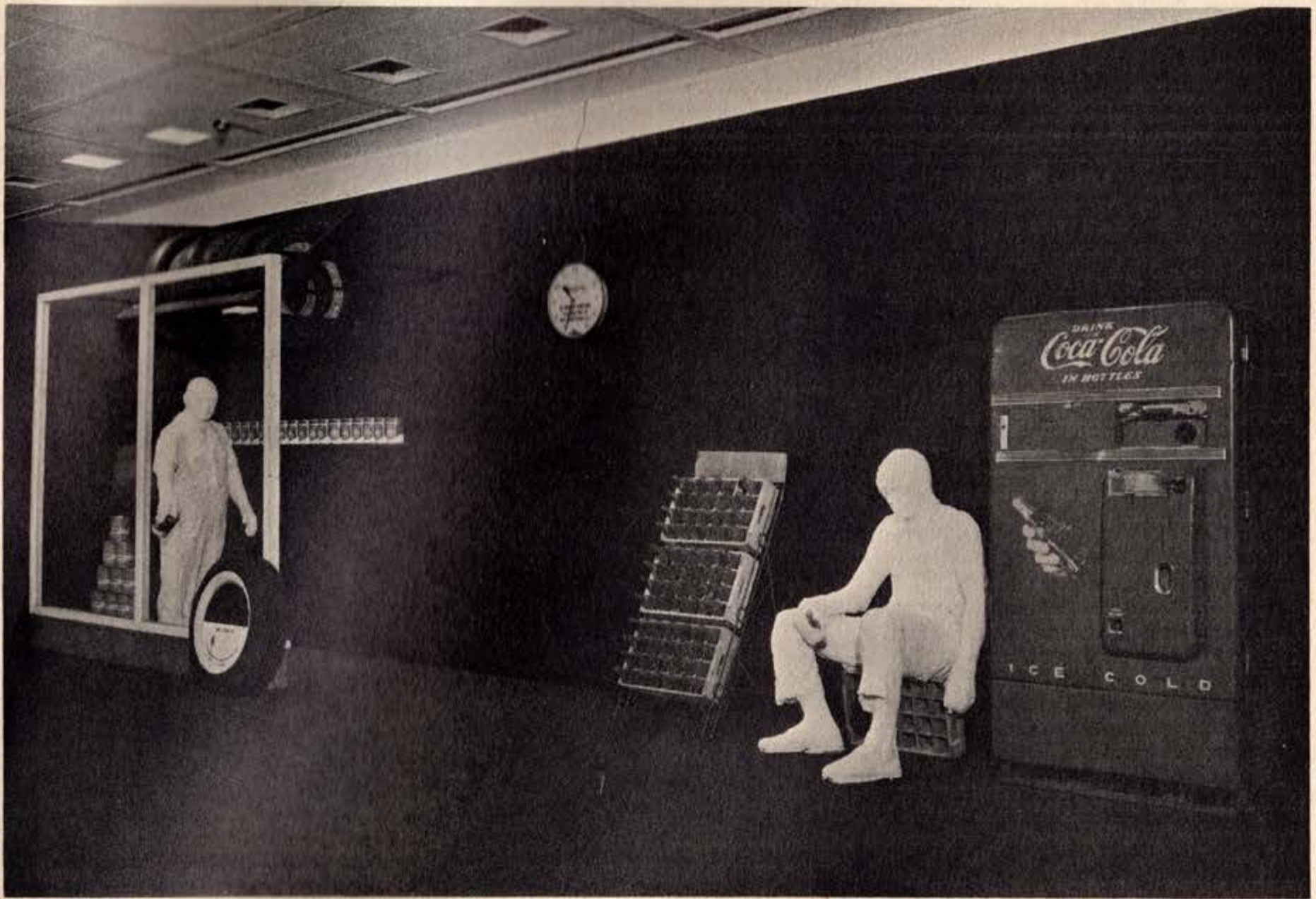
Coda, "Canada's Jazz Magazine" may be the best jazz magazine in the world. This doesn't mean much anymore since there is little competition with the deterioration of **Downbeat** and **Jazz and Pop**, but **Coda** is as good as they were in their prime. Edited by jazz expert John Norris, the magazine is well designed and printed. Though the writing is often amateurish in the best sense of the word, the contributors are

fantastically knowledgeable.

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FIVE DATES WORTH OF JUNE

	<p>Ottawa: National Arts Centre opens with the National Ballet's Kraanerg, music by Iannis Xenakis, choreography Roland Petit, sets Victor Vassarely, starring George Pileta and Lynn Seymour</p>	<p>PLEASE COMPLETE AND RETURN</p> <p>3</p> <p>N. E. THING COMPANY LIMITED</p>	<p>Ottawa: N.E. Thing Co. opens at the National Gallery</p>	<p>You mean to say you haven't tasted the season's first Granny Smith apples yet? Crunchy, juicy, sweet enough to tempt Adam all over again.</p> <p>5</p>	<p>25 years from D-Day</p> <p>6</p>	<p>ABC-TV: Johnny Cash show begins, with Bob Dylan as guest</p> <p>7</p>
<p>8</p>	<p>Stratford: Hamlet opens, directed by John Hirsch, with Kenneth Welsh as Hamlet, Leo Ciceri as Claudius, Angela Wood as Gertrude</p>	<p>Stratford: Ben Jonson's The Alchemist opens, directed by Jean Gascon, with William Hurt, Powys Thomas, Bernard Behrens; Rothman's Art Gallery opens Scultura Italiana and People in the Park</p>	<p>Stratford: Measure for Measure opens, directed by David Giles, with Leo Ciceri as Angelo, William Hurt as Vincentio</p>	<p>Montreal: Son of Man and His World opens on the golden islands in the St. Lawrence. The Russians are back — tourists are expected too.</p> <p>12</p>		<p>14</p>
<p>15</p> <p>Vancouver: last day to see Billy Al Bengston at Vancouver Art Gallery</p>	<p>16</p>	<p>By now you should have read Five Legs by Graeme Gibson (House of Anansi press)</p> <p>17</p>	<p>18</p>	<p>Toronto: Jimi Hendrix goes to court on a post-session charge, picked up in May during his appearance here</p> <p>19</p>		<p>Toronto: Pop Music Festival at Varsity Stadium today and tomorrow: Johnny Winter, Tiny Tim, Blood Sweat and Tears, Kensington Market, gobs of others</p> <p>21</p>
<p>22</p> <p>Toronto: last day to see The Arts of Forgotten Peoples at the Royal Ontario Museum</p>	<p>Niagara-on-the-Lake: Shaw Festival opens with The Doctor's Dilemma, with Paxton Whitehead</p> 	<p>Montreal: Feast day of St. John the Baptist — patron saint of French Canada. Parades, fireworks, federalist-baiting</p> <p>24</p>	<p>Toronto: about now the Bookcellar opens a new branch on Yonge, south of Bloor</p> <p>25</p>	<p>Montreal: last day to see Survey 69 at the Museum of Fine Arts</p> <p>26</p>		
<p>28</p> <p>Toronto: last day to see Picasso: 347 Etchings at the Art Gallery of Ontario</p>		 				